MISSIONARY · HEROES OF AFRICA

BY

SARAH · GERALDINA · STOCK

SEVENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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MISSIONARY HEROES OF AFRICA

BY

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK

Author of "Lessons on Israel in Egypt and in the Wilderness," "The Story of Uganda," etc.

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PREFACE

THIS book is for you, dear boys and girls, and I hope you will enjoy reading it.

Though we have never seen one another, I have thought a great deal about you. And I fancy some of you are quite little, while others are growing tall and have learned all sorts of things. Now, if you who are tall and clever find some parts of the book too childish for you, please remember these parts are for the little ones. And if you little ones find some parts which you cannot understand, never mind! These are meant for the bigger ones, and when you are older and bigger you will understand them too.

By-and-by, when you are older, I think you would like to read more about the heroes of Africa, so I will tell you the names of some books in which you may read about them:—

Heroes of the Cross.
Robert and Mary Moffat.
Travels of Dr. Livingstone.
Livingstone Anecdotes.
The Martyrs of Blantyre.
The Life of Samuel Crowther.
The New World of Central Africa (By Mrs. Grattan Guinness).
Garenganze (By F. S. Arnot).
The Story of the Universities' Mission.
The Story of the L.M.S.

The Story of Uganda.
The Story of the Life of Mackay of Uganda.
The Life of Bishop Hannington.

Some of these books have helped me to write this book for you. But I have used many smaller pamphlets and magazines. And if you want to know about missionary work you should try and get the magazines which come out month by month. Then you will know what is going on now.

ERRATA

Headlines of pages 95–107, *for* Islands, *read* Highlands.
Page 117, line under illustration, *for* Mockler, *read* Mockler-Ferryman.

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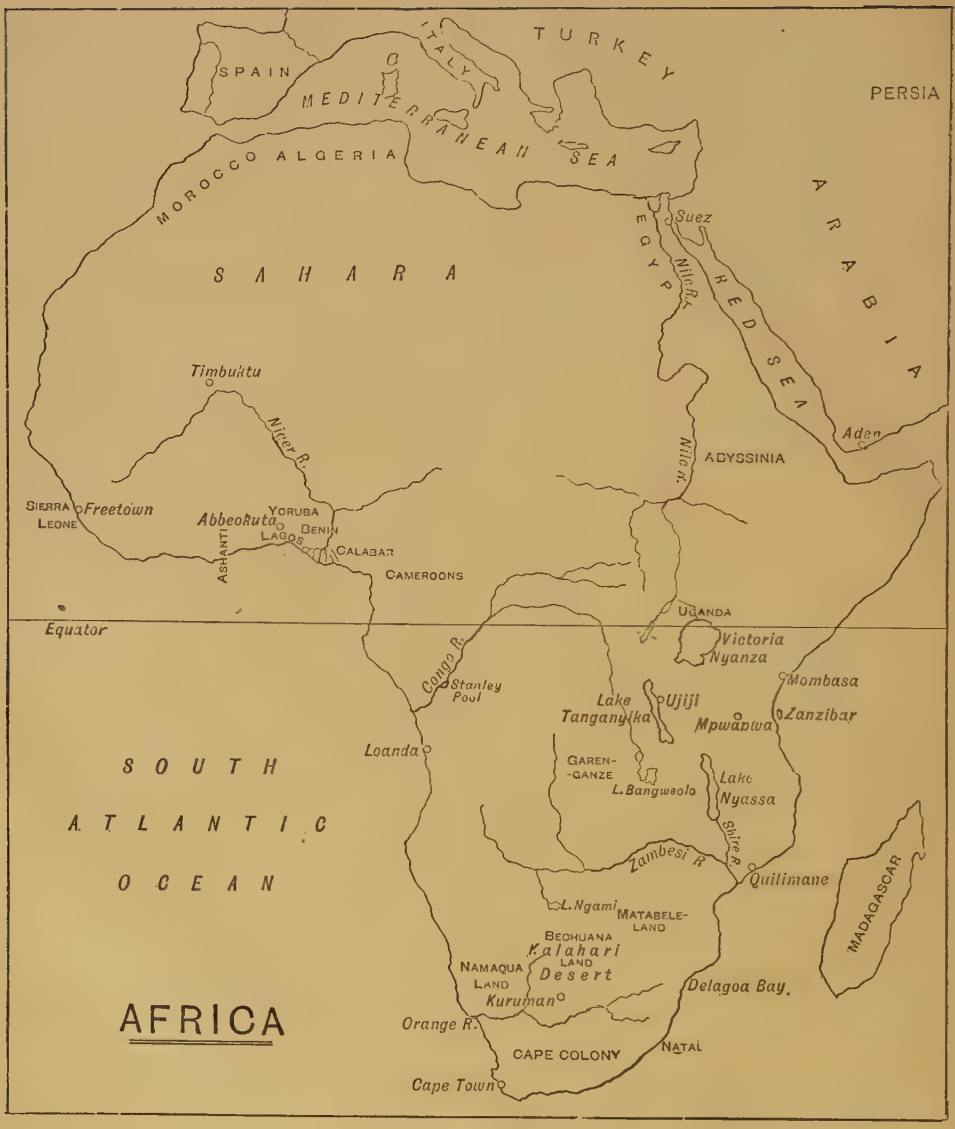
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Kuruman
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Orange R.
CAPE COLONY
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Cape Town

MISSIONARY HEROES OF AFRICA

CHAPTER I

A TALK WITH MY READERS

DO you know what a hero is? I think most boys and girls who read this will say "Yes." Well, what is a hero? A man who does something great, and grand, and brave. Yes; that is right. But people do not always know heroes when they see them, because they do not see enough of them, and know too little about them.

Some people think a hero must be a soldier. That is partly right and partly wrong. If by a soldier they mean a man who goes to battle with a sword or a gun, they are wrong. Many soldiers who carry swords and guns are true heroes, but not all. And there are soldiers who never had a sword nor a gun! There are other ways of fighting. If you are trying to help what is right and stop what is wrong, you are soldiers too, and you may be heroes some day!

Then heroes are not always *men*. Plenty of women are heroes too, only we call them *heroines* instead. And they are far less known than the men. For the work and fight of a true heroine is often carried on so quietly that one hardly sees it. And so we often miss the heroines. Do they care about that? No; neither the men nor the women who do grand and noble things care about others seeing them. They want to do good. They want to stop evil. They want to please God and do His will, and they

are quite content that none but God should see them. His smile and His favour are enough for them. But it is good for *us* to see them, and we ought to keep our eyes open for them. To know the good and great things which others have been able to do will help us in our own lives. And it will show us more of the power and love of God. It is He who makes heroes and heroines. He gives them their courage, their patience, their power to work and fight, their devotion, and their success.

HERCULES—ONE WHOM THE GREEKS CONSIDERED A HERO.

Then are heroes always successful? The man who fights against what is wrong—does he always conquer? Sometimes he can see, and we can see, that he has got the victory. But sometimes he falls before the fight is over; sometimes when it seems only just begun. He seems to pass away without having done the thing he wanted to do. *But he may have done all that God wanted him to do.* Have you ever sown seed in the garden? Does the seed lie on the top of the mould and grow into a flower there? No; it is buried out of sight. You put a little stick to mark the place, lest you should forget it. You will not see that seed again. But you will see the little shoot that springs from it, and becomes a beautiful plant with sweet flowers. When God's

heroes die they are like seed. They have passed away from this earth, but where God sows precious seed there is sure to be harvest—flowers and fruit from it. The evil things they began to fight against will be stopped some day; and the good things they tried to do will be done, so they will gain the victory after all!

Now I must ask the girls who read this book to forgive me! I have told them so little about women heroes, or heroines. This is partly because their work was generally more quiet and less known, and partly because there have been, among African heroes, far more men than women. Women could not take all the long journeys that have been taken in Africa. It is quite true that they can do some things men cannot do; but it is also true that men can do things *they* cannot do. And so most of the great things done in Africa have been done by men, though in some cases they would have been badly off without the women.

Now before you go on to the heroes, I must tell you a little about Africa. If you look at the map of the world, you will see that Africa is a great continent, much larger than Europe. But you will not see what those who have travelled in Africa say about the country. They tell us it is something like a pie-dish turned upside down! If you look at such a pie-dish you see first the rim. That is like the sea-shore all round Africa, or *nearly* all round. Most of it is low and flat. Then the dish rises up on every side. That is like the mountains which rise after you have got some way from the coast. Then the rest of the up-turned dish is flat again, only sinking just a little in the middle. That is like the high table-land you reach when you have climbed the mountains. But towards the middle of Africa the land sinks a little, so that some of the smaller rivers there cannot flow out towards the sea, but flow into the lakes instead. For Africa has some very large lakes, of which you will hear more by-and-by. It has also some great rivers. The four greatest, of which I shall have more to tell you, are the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, and the Zambesi.

Then, again, Africa is a land of great forests. Sometimes the trees are so close and thick that you may travel for some distance without seeing the sky; and in many places it is most difficult to get through, and the boughs and creepers must be cut with a hatchet to make a path. All travellers use the same paths, for if a path were left unused it would soon be stopped up again by the trees and bushes growing over it. When this happens the natives say, "The path has died!" There are some glorious trees in Africa, such as the tall and graceful palm-tree, and the large baobab tree, with a trunk sometimes as large as a house. But sometimes the trees, though they make the path dark and narrow, give no real shade, and while you walk through the forest you are scorched all the time by the hot sun overhead. Sometimes, too, the branches are covered with thorns, which drop down upon you as you pass. Others fasten into your clothes, and you have to stop to get clear of them: these are called "wait-a-bit" thorns.

There are also deserts in Africa. There is the great Sahara desert in the north, where you travel for miles and miles through the dry, hot sand, only here and there coming across an oasis, or spot where there is water, with a few trees and bushes. In the south is the Kalihari desert. And there are many plains which for part of the year are dry and barren, and where no water can be found. But after the rains they are quite changed, and are bright with green and with flowers.

The worst parts of Africa are the marshy districts on the coast, where the air is full of unhealthy odours, and white people are apt to get bad fever. There are also very trying swamps, where a traveller has to wade through damp mud. These swamps are often found even in the parts that are generally healthy.

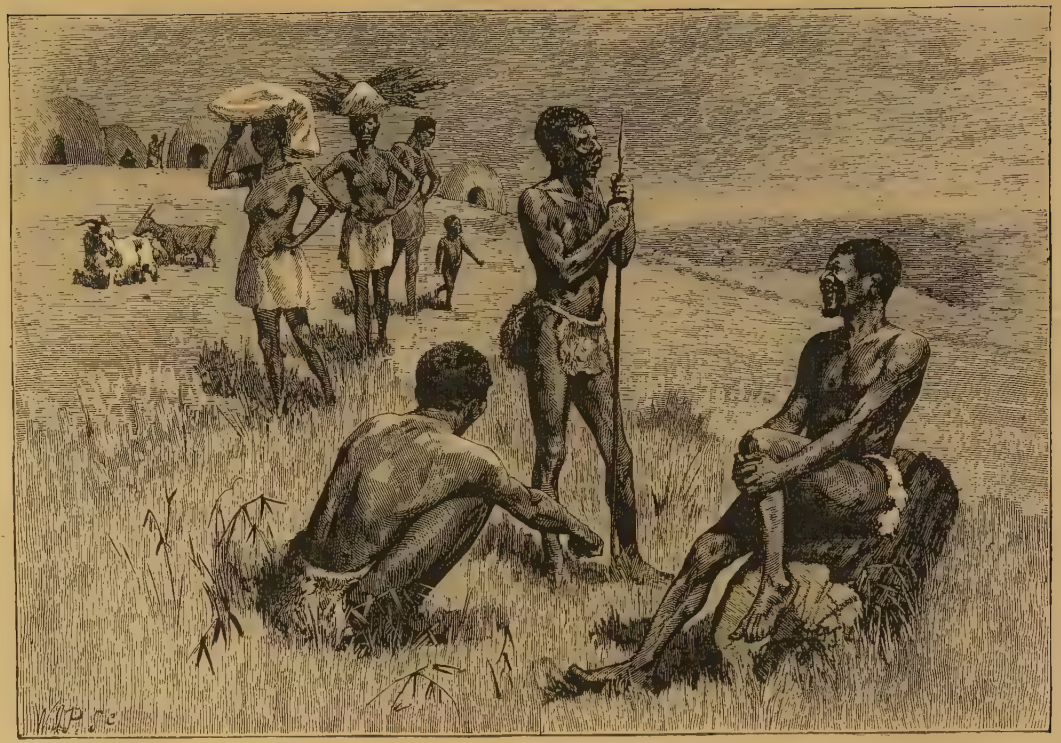
The rivers—I wonder how you would like to go up them in a boat? Sometimes their banks are very beautiful; but often they are low, muddy, and uninteresting. And I do not think you would like the crocodiles which you might find! Some of the

AFRICAN LION.

small rivers only flow during the rainy season. At other times of the year the water is all gone, and there is only a bed of mud and sand left.

You will want to know something about the animals. You would find plenty of wild beasts in Africa. I heard a gentleman say once that the forests would be very dull if there were no wild animals! I do not think I should agree with him! There are lions, and leopards, and hyenas, and elephants. There is the rhinoceros, too, which the natives dread more than the lion, for a lion seldom attacks a man unless he is very hungry or very angry. Then there are buffaloes on the plains, and the hippopotamus is found in the rivers and lakes. It is not very pleasant to find a hippopotamus close to your boat, for he may smash it or upset it. Then there are other animals which are not dangerous, such as monkeys, zebras, and antelopes of all kinds. I cannot stop to speak of the birds, which are dressed in the most gorgeous colours, but I must tell you something of the insects. You would hardly think that one of the animals most to be dreaded is the *ant*! There are ants which, unless you are *very* careful, will eat up everything you possess, even your clothes and your books! There are others (called *siafu*) whose bite is very severe; they march together in columns, and it is very unpleasant to meet them. A missionary travelling alone on a bicycle once had a terrible fight with ants, and though at length he escaped from them, he was covered with blood, and quite faint. The locusts, too, are very destructive to the crops and vegetables, and the *tsetse* fly will kill sheep and oxen. Then there are snakes of all kinds, some quite small, like bits of green ribbon, and some several feet long and very poisonous. It is not safe to walk about in the dark, lest you should suddenly tread upon a snake.

But I must go on to the most important thing in Africa—the people. I daresay you think all the people of Africa are Negroes. They are all dark-coloured, but they are not all Negroes. The Negroes live in some parts of the centre and on the West Coast.



KAFFIRS.

Farther south the people all across Africa belong mostly to a race called Bantu. In the extreme south are the Hottentots and the Bushmen. And there are other races in the north. Of course these races differ from one another in many things, but in some things they are all alike. Most of them think there is a great God somewhere who made the earth, but they fancy He never troubles Himself how it goes on. In West Africa the people worship idols, but in most other parts of the country there are no idols, but all the worship is paid to "spirits," who, it is supposed, will do some harm if proper respect is not given them, and offerings made to them. Most Africans believe in witchcraft. In many places if a man gets sick and dies, it is supposed that somebody has "bewitched" him, and often an innocent person is caught and put to death as if he or she had been a murderer. I could not tell you of all the shocking cruelties that are carried on—how men and women are tortured, buried alive, in some places killed for food and eaten. In spite of all this some Africans are kind and tender-hearted. They do care for one another, and sometimes they are very hospitable to strangers. But most of them are *in darkness.* They know nothing of the love of God, nor of a Saviour who died for them, and so we cannot wonder that it is as the Bible tells us,—

"*The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.*"

Africa is the land of *slavery.* It has been said that in some parts every man either *is a slave* or *has slaves.* Sometimes a man who has slaves will treat them very well, almost as if they were his children. Still, if he had to pay a debt he might *pay it in slaves*, handing men and women over to some other master, whether they liked it or not, instead of paying him money. But the worst part of the matter is the dreadful trade in slaves. If you were to go to one of the large negro towns in the interior of Africa you might see some hundreds of slaves in the market *for sale.* Where do they all come from? They have been torn from their homes,

torn from their families, and carried off by other men who were stronger and fiercer. Sometimes when the women are taken for slaves, the babies, who are not wanted, are either left to die or killed outright. And when these slaves are sold, they are some-

SLAVE AND CHILD.

times taken a long journey down to the coast, and there packed on board a boat and sent off to be sold again in other countries.

What other countries are there where slaves are bought and sold? It is sad to remember that this used to be done in Christian countries! Now this wickedness in Christian lands has been stopped,

but in Mohammedan lands—that is, lands where the people believe in the false prophet, Mohammed, it is always going on. The Mohammedans are the great slave-dealers.

I am sorry to tell you that all the northern part of Africa is in the hands of the Mohammedans. And though there are missionaries in Egypt and in other parts, very few of the people have yet become Christians. The work in those lands is very, very difficult. I am going to tell you about the "heroes" who have worked among the Negroes on the West Coast, and those who worked in the southern half of the great continent, among the Bantu tribes, as well as among the Hottentots. Thank God there are many spots of light now in what has been called the "Dark Continent." But they are only spots. If your room had several bright spots on the walls, but all the rest dark, would you call it light? The greater part of Africa is still in black darkness. As you read about the heroes whom God has used to light up some places here and there, will you pray that many more may go out? And will you try and do something to help to send them?

BUSHMEN OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST HEROES OF SOUTH AFRICA

I DARESAY you have often heard people talk of going to "the Cape." The voyage thither is a very pleasant trip, and the air at the Cape is very healthy, so that weak and sickly people who go out there soon get strong again. But what is "the Cape"? It is part of South Africa which belongs to the English, and has become an English colony. It was not the English who first discovered it. Three hundred years ago some Portuguese, sailing along the coast, came to a rocky headland jutting out into the sea. They called it first the "Stormy Cape," but afterwards the name was changed to the "Cape of Good Hope," because by passing round it ships could get into the Indian Ocean, and India could be reached. And in those days all the merchants wanted to trade with India.

About fifty years later some Dutch ships came to the Cape, and some Dutchmen landed in the beautiful bay called Table Bay below the flat-topped Table Mountain. There they built a fort, and settled down to trade with the natives round about. These natives, the Hottentots, trusted the white men, and sold cattle to

CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

them in exchange for beads and brass wire. By-and-by they found that they were getting the worst of the bargain, and that the white men wanted land as well as cattle, and they refused to sell any more. But little by little the Dutch did get the land and the cattle too, and they made the poor Hottentots work for them. This went on for many long years. Then, about one hundred years ago, the Cape and the country round passed into the hands of the English. Some of the Dutch remained there, and some went farther on into the country. They were hard-working and brave, and although the natives tried to stop them, they made their way, and settled down where it suited them, on farms, cultivating the land and keeping cattle. The descendants of these Dutchmen are called Boers. I am sorry to say they did not treat the natives well.

I must tell you something about these natives. They are not all Hottentots. The Hottentots live in the south and the west. They are neither a good looking nor a clever people. Their eyes are small, their noses flat, their cheekbones are high, and their lips pout in a very ugly manner. When the Dutch first came among them, they were a very ignorant, degraded people. They did not cultivate the ground, but wandered about with their cattle. But the Bushmen are a still lower race. They are very small. They live in holes and caves, and they have no cattle. They eat roots, berries, and game which they shoot with their poisoned arrows. The rest of the natives of South Africa belong to the great Bantu or Kaffir race, though there are many different tribes of them with different names, such as Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, Matabeles, and others. These Kaffirs are a fine race, taller and stronger and cleverer than the Hottentots. But they are very suspicious of the white men, and have often fought fiercely against the English. All these tribes in their heathen state are fierce and cruel, and fight continually against one another. They think nothing of murder. They will leave little children and old people to die by the roadside if they are not wanted, or cannot

work any more. A great man among them is the "witch-doctor."

WITCH DOCTOR AND RAIN-MAKER.

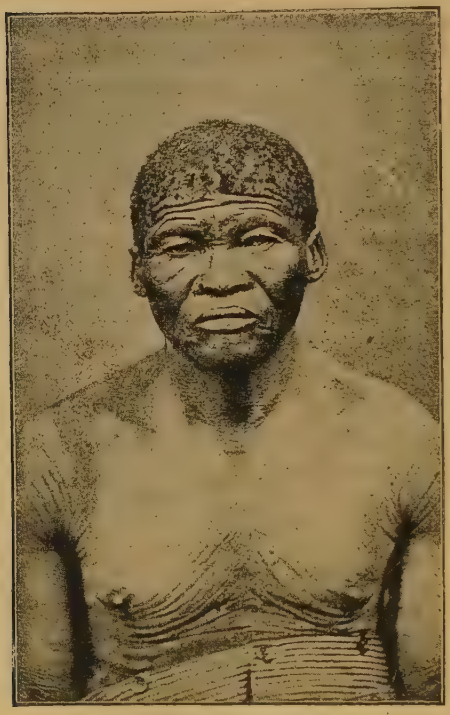
If a chief becomes ill, the witch-doctor is sent for to say who has bewitched him. Often a poor woman is pointed out as the

culprit, and is beaten, and tortured, and sometimes killed. Another important person is the "rain-doctor." He pretends to bring the rain down by magic, but requires to be well paid for his services.

When the first white people settled in South Africa they had many difficulties and dangers to pass through. How would you like to travel a hundred miles in a wagon drawn by oxen? I daresay you would think it very good fun at first; but oh! how tired you would get as it slowly jolted along, and the hot sun beat down upon you! Glad enough you would be when you got to a *kloof*, or valley (like our word *cleft*), where there were shady trees and flowers. Then the oxen would come to the bank of a river, and if the river were very full, there you must wait until the water went down a little, for you would find no bridge. Then the wagon might stick fast in the sand of the river, or get overturned among the rocks. Suppose you got safely across, then the path might lead up, up, up for miles, rough and steep, till at last the poor oxen could go on no longer, and some might die by the roadside. And when you had got to the top there might be a wide, hot plain for many miles farther, where you could find no water to drink. Then the wild animals, the lions and the buffaloes, would not be pleasant to meet, nor would the snakes! A young daughter of Dr. Moffat, one of the "heroes" of whom I am going to tell you, was on a journey once. The oxen had been unyoked for the night, and Miss Moffat with the servants was sitting by the fire they had made. Suddenly a lion rushed upon the oxen, who scampered away wildly. The travellers jumped into the wagon, and happily for them, the lion caught one of the oxen and killed it. For hours they sat crouching in the wagon while the beast took his meal, after which he gave a little roar of satisfaction, and made off.

The Dutch Boers, who first settled in the country, had to brave all these dangers, besides hunger and thirst and the attacks of angry natives. If only they had tried to make friends with the

people and do them good—if only they had remembered that Christ came to save the Kaffirs and Hottentots and Bushmen, as well as themselves, we might have called *them* heroes! But when they had the power they treated these poor ignorant people as if they were wild animals and had no souls. They only tamed them that they might have servants to do their work, and when they could not tame them they tried to get rid of them.



AN OLD BUSHMAN.

There were a few Christian men in Holland who thought something ought to be done for the natives, but the only people who sent out missionaries in those days were a little band in Germany called the "United Brethren," or Moravians. When they heard that there was no one to teach the poor Hottentots, they determined to send a missionary, and they chose a young man called George Schmidt.

George Schmidt was a true hero. He had been through much suffering for Christ's sake in his own country, and had borne it bravely. When hardly twenty years old he was thrown into prison by the Roman Catholics, and for six long years he was kept in irons. All his life he suffered in his feet, which had been injured through being confined so long in the stocks. He was quite ready to bear fresh trials in Christ's service, and in the year 1737 he landed at the Cape, alone—the first man who came

there to do good to the Hottentots. When the Boers heard about

BUSHMEN HUNTING.

what he had come for, they laughed at him and mocked him. They thought it ridiculous to care for such people. But Schmidt did not

mind that. He remembered his prison cell, the irons, the bitter cold and the hunger; he remembered how one of his companions had died in his arms, full of peace because Christ was with him. He knew that what the Lord Jesus had said was true: "*Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, for My sake.*"

I think the Hottentots must have been quite astonished to find a white man who really loved them. Many who lived at Cape Town could speak Dutch, so Schmidt was able at once to talk to them in that language. One of them got so fond of Schmidt that he said he would follow him wherever he went.

Schmidt did not stay at Cape Town. He wanted to live right in the midst of the natives; so he went off a hundred and fifty miles to the east, and settled in a valley among the mountains, which the Dutch called Baviansklоof, or the Valley of Baboons. His new friend, Afriko, went with him and became his interpeter to the natives. The Hottentot language is very difficult, and Schmidt could not learn it, but he taught the Hottentots who gathered round him to speak Dutch instead. He taught them to read and write, and to till the ground, and above all, he taught them of Christ, and showed them what it was to be a Christian. It was a lonely and toilsome life he led, but he did not mind that. "I want," he wrote to a friend, "no rest as long as my feet will carry me." But he did want others to come out, so that more Hottentots might be taught. Some of the people learned truly to know the Lord Jesus, and to believe in Him as their Saviour, and these the missionary baptized.

When the Dutch heard what was going on they were very angry. They said Schmidt had no right to baptize Hottentots, and they hindered the work so much that the missionary thought he must go home and try to get some helpers. He said good-bye to his dear people at Baviansklоof, and took ship for Europe, hoping soon to return, bringing other teachers with him. The poor Hottentots missed him greatly. They kept together for a time,

and used to read the Bible together, and looked forward to welcoming their teacher back some day. But he never came! The Dutch forbade any missionaries to come to the Cape and teach the Hottentots. All that Schmidt could do was to pray for his poor people, and commit them to God who loved them. He lived to be an old man, and all his days were spent in working for the Saviour whom he loved. But he died without seeing anything more done for Africa.

Do you think all his labour for the Hottentots was lost? Oh, no! God says in the Bible, "*My word shall not return unto Me void*"—that is, empty and fruitless. No doubt when Schmidt went home to be with Christ he met some of those whom he had taught to know the Saviour. Two years after his death a ship from India stopped at the Cape. Two Moravians who had been working in India were in it, and they landed, to see the town. An old Hottentot woman saw them, and their dress and appearance reminded her of Schmidt. She came up and spoke to them, and told them she was a Christian. Then she unrolled a sheepskin, and showed them what she had got wrapped up in it. It was a Bible which Schmidt himself had given her!

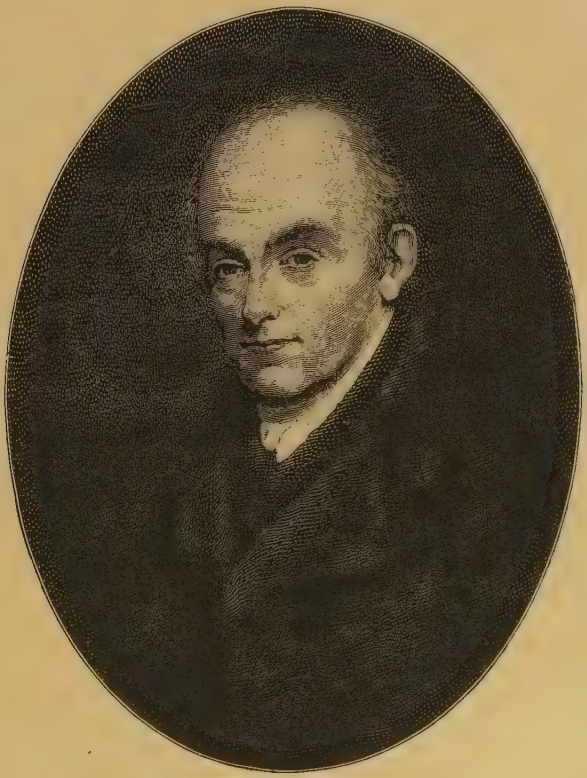
All this while the "United Brethren" were watching for the time when they would be able once more to send missionaries to South Africa. At last the Dutch gave permission, and three were sent out at once. They reached the Cape in July, 1792, and went on to Baviaanskloof. They found the place where Schmidt's garden had been, and there stood a beautiful pear tree which he had planted, as flourishing as ever. The place was deserted. Schmidt's old friends had died, but the beautiful tree seemed like a sign that his work had not perished, and that it should yet bring forth fruit. By-and-by the Hottentots in the neighbourhood began to come to Baviaanskloof and to gather round the missionaries. Some of them were the children of people whom Schmidt had taught, and they said they had heard their parents speak of him. They were now willing to learn themselves, and the work of the missionaries grew

and prospered. The place changed its name. Instead of Bavians-kloof, the "Valley of Baboons," it became known as Gnadenthal, which is German for the "Valley of Grace." The "United Brethren" sent out more missionaries and founded more stations, and they have now under their care some thousands of Christian Hottentots, living peaceful, orderly, happy and useful lives. The seed sown by our first hero, George Schmidt, has brought forth fruit abundantly!

I must now tell you of another hero—a man who gave up his life to the people of South Africa. His name was Dr. Vanderkemp, and he was a Dutchman. He was a very clever and learned man, and had been an officer in the army. He lived for himself and for this world until a severe affliction came upon him. He was out in a boat one day upon a beautiful river, with his wife and child. The sky was bright, and they never dreamed of danger being near. Suddenly the heavens darkened, and a terrible waterspout came quickly towards their little boat. The boat upset, and Dr. Vanderkemp's wife and child were drowned. Now in his sorrow he turned to God and found pardon and peace through the Lord Jesus Christ. He resolved henceforth to devote his life to spreading the good news of a Saviour, and he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, who sent him out to South Africa.

Dr. Vanderkemp wanted to go to the Kaffirs, for no one had yet carried the Gospel news to them. Twice he tried to settle in their country, but the Boers hindered him in every way. They spoke ill of him to the natives, so that the latter would not believe the missionary wanted to be their friend. Another time the Boers declared that he was trying to stir up a Kaffir chief against them. Some of them went to the village where Vanderkemp and his companions were living, surrounded it, and tried to shoot the missionary. However, some soldiers were sent to the rescue, and the Boers dispersed. Dr. Vanderkemp saw that he must give up for the present the hope of preaching the Gospel to the Kaffirs. He now began work among the Hottentots. These people saw that he

was a true friend who wanted to do them good, and many of them gathered round him. A friendly governor gave him a piece of land, where he might settle with the Hottentots and teach them. It was a poor, barren spot, but it was better than nothing. Dr. Vander-



DR. VANDERKEMP.

kemp asked if he might call it Bethelsdorp, or the village of Bethel. Now the governor did not want the place to have a Bible name, but he either forgot or did not know that Bethel was in the Bible, so he said "Yes." Afterwards he found out his mistake! Of course

you know Bethel was the name Jacob gave to the place where he had that wonderful vision of the ladder reaching up to heaven. It means the "house of God." Dr. Vanderkemp wanted his home to be the "house of God." It was not a beautiful place. It was humble and poor. And the man who had been accustomed to pleasant

GROUP OF SOUTH AFRICANS.

society, and comfort, and learning, lived here with the poor ignorant people whom he loved for Christ's sake. They loved him too. And even the Kaffirs got to know that this man was not like other white men, but was the true friend of the natives.

His enemies did not let him alone. They hated him because he could not bear to see the natives oppressed and always took their

part. More than once he had to leave his work at Bethelsdorp, and go to Cape Town to answer false charges that were brought against him. At last, when he was staying there while inquiry was made into some of these matters, Dr. Vanderkemp was suddenly taken ill. He was worn out with work and hardship, and quickly grew worse. A friend came to his bedside.

"Is it light or dark with you?" he asked.

"Light!" replied the dying missionary, and shortly after his eyes closed on earth, and he was taken to be with the Lord whom he loved.

The Hottentots felt his loss terribly, and found it hard to get on without him. But by-and-by other missionaries were sent out to take his place, and the work which he had begun at Bethelsdorp grew and prospered. It became a thriving Christian village, and as time went on other villages rose up like it.

It was in the year 1811 that Vanderkemp died. A few years later the Wesleyan Missionary Society sent a missionary to the Cape. This was a young man named Shaw. He and his wife arrived there in 1815, and went to work in a part of the country called Little Namaqua Land. The place where they settled had a very pretty name: it was called Lily Fountain. The people here had been wishing for English teachers, and were very glad to have the missionaries. Still, they were very slow to learn, and a good deal of patience was needed. As among most heathen people the hard work was left to the women to do. When Mr. Shaw showed them a plough, and the use of it, they were quite astonished:

"See," they said, "how it tears the ground with its iron mouth; it *does as much in one day as ten wives*!"

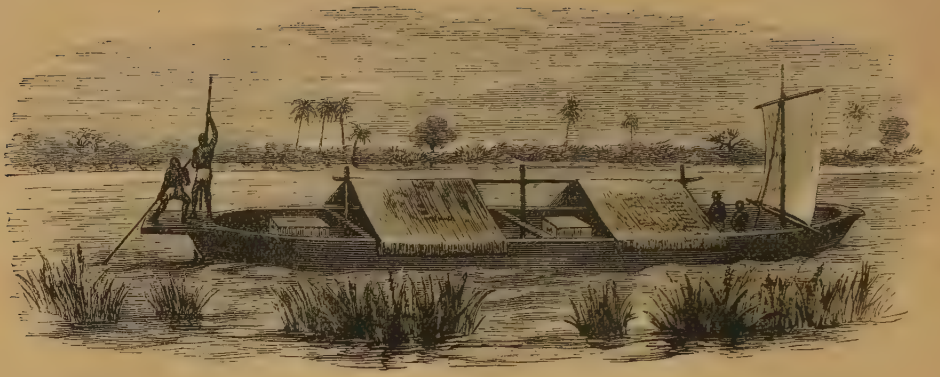
But when some of them became Christians they gave up leaving all the hard work to their wives, and took a share of it themselves.

In six years so much had been done that another missionary who came out, named Threlfall, determined to cross the Orange River to preach the Gospel to the people on the other side, in Great Namaqua

Land. He took with him two native Christian teachers and a native guide. But this man betrayed the missionaries. They were travelling on oxback through a wild part of the country where the people (Bushmen) were not friendly. The guide chose a place for them to rest when night came, and then he brought two Bushmen to the place, and Mr. Threlfall and his companions were all murdered. It was many years before another attempt was made to begin a Mission here; but now, in the very place where Threlfall was murdered, there is a Mission Station called Warm Bath, and a good work going on.

It would take too long to tell you of even half the men and women who gave their lives to teaching the Hottentots, the Bushmen, and the Kaffirs. So I have told you about the beginning of the work, and in another chapter you will read of one of the greatest and best known missionaries who preached the Gospel in South Africa.

BUSHMEN LYING IN WAIT FOR MR. THRELFALL.



ON RIVER OGUN, BETWEEN LAGOS AND ABEOKUTA.

CHAPTER III

HEROES OF SIERRA LEONE

I AM sure you must have read many stories about slaves in Africa. But do you know that there were once slaves *in England*? There were black men, women, and children, whom English people had bought, and whom they looked upon as their property. Generally these slaves were brought from the West Indies, or from America, but they were really Africans who had been stolen from their own country, or else the children of those who had been stolen.

There were very few people then in England who thought it wicked to make slaves of men and women. Most people thought it quite the proper thing, provided the men and women were *black*. They forgot what the Bible tells us, that "*God hath made of one blood all nations on the face of the earth.*" It matters not what the colour may be. All men were created by God, and all are one family; so that a white man has no more right to ill-treat a black man than a black man has to ill-treat a white.

One of the first men who woke up the English nation to think

SHIPPING SLAVES IN WEST AFRICA, SIXTY YEARS AGO.

of these things was called Granville Sharp. He had found a poor Negro slave in the streets of London, turned out of doors by his master because he was ill. And he was not satisfied with helping this one man, but set to work to get slavery declared illegal—that is, contrary to law. It took many years before he succeeded, but at last the thing was done, and *no one could be a slave any more in England.* This was in the year 1772.

But now that all the black men, women, and children in England were free, what was to become of them? They had no money; they did not know what to do; and many wandered about from place to place begging. Something had to be done to help them. I wonder what you would have proposed. Send them back to their own country! Yes, that was the right thing to do. But they were not all from the same part of Africa, though all had been brought in ships from the West Coast. They would never find their old homes again, and it would be cruel just to land them in Africa, and there leave them.

So a place in West Africa was chosen where they could be sent, and could make homes for themselves, and still be cared for and protected by the English Government. This was a peninsula on the coast called Sierra Leone. It was a beautiful place, surrounded on three sides by the sea, with mountains two or three thousand feet high, and lovely valleys between, and beautiful streams of water, and cocoanut trees, bananas, mangoes, cotton-trees, and many others. It was the Portuguese who had given it the name of Sierra Leone. They always call mountains with sharp, jagged peaks "Sierra," which means a *saw*; and when they sailed by and looked at the stormy waves which swept the beach and the frowning cliffs above, they called the place Sierra Leone, or the Lion Mountain. Here the poor Negroes were sent, and land was bought from the neighbouring chiefs for them to settle on. By-and-by a few English people went out too, and an English governor was appointed to take care of the colony.

The friends of the poor Africans in England were not satisfied

with what they had done. They wanted the slave-trade itself stopped. So they never rested till other countries as well as our own agreed that it must stop. And then English ships were sent out to cruise up and down the West Coast, and watch for any vessels that were carrying slaves. There were a great many. Farther down the coast there was a place called Lagos, which was a perfect nest of slave-dealers. The poor creatures who had been torn from their homes were brought down here, and as soon as a good opportunity came they were packed on board ship, so close together that they could hardly move, and sent off to America and to the West Indies. But numbers always died on the voyage. The English ships were on the look-out for these miserable slavers, and many a time they set the poor sufferers free, and took them to Sierra Leone, so that the numbers there increased year by year.

These rescued slaves were of many different tribes, and spoke many different languages. They were wild, ignorant, and superstitious. The only religion they had was the worship of evil spirits. And when they were brought to Sierra Leone, they did not care to settle down quietly, and make nice homes for themselves. They quarrelled with one another; they would not work, but tried to get their living by stealing; and many of them grew sick and died. At last the governor determined to ask for missionaries to come and teach them.

There were very few missionaries then! I told you in the last chapter about the first who went out to South Africa. Dr. Vanderkemp, who laboured there, was one of the first missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society. In the same year that he went out, another Society, the Church Missionary Society, was formed. The committee—that is, the men who directed the Society—were anxious to do something for West Africa, and they had sent their first missionaries to the West Coast, to a place not far from Sierra Leone. But the work did not prosper there, and a good man named Edward Bickersteth was sent out to see what

was going on, and to consider what was best to be done. Mr. Bickersteth saw the governor, and they both agreed that Sierra Leone was the right place for the missionaries to work.

It was not an easy place! Although the country was so beautiful, the climate was very trying to Europeans. So many died that Sierra Leone got the name of "the white man's grave." In the first twenty years fifty-three missionaries and missionaries' wives died there. But they never lost heart. As fast as some died, others came and took their places. They were like soldiers attacking an enemy's fortress. No matter who fell in the fight, the rest pressed onward, determined to take the stronghold for Christ.

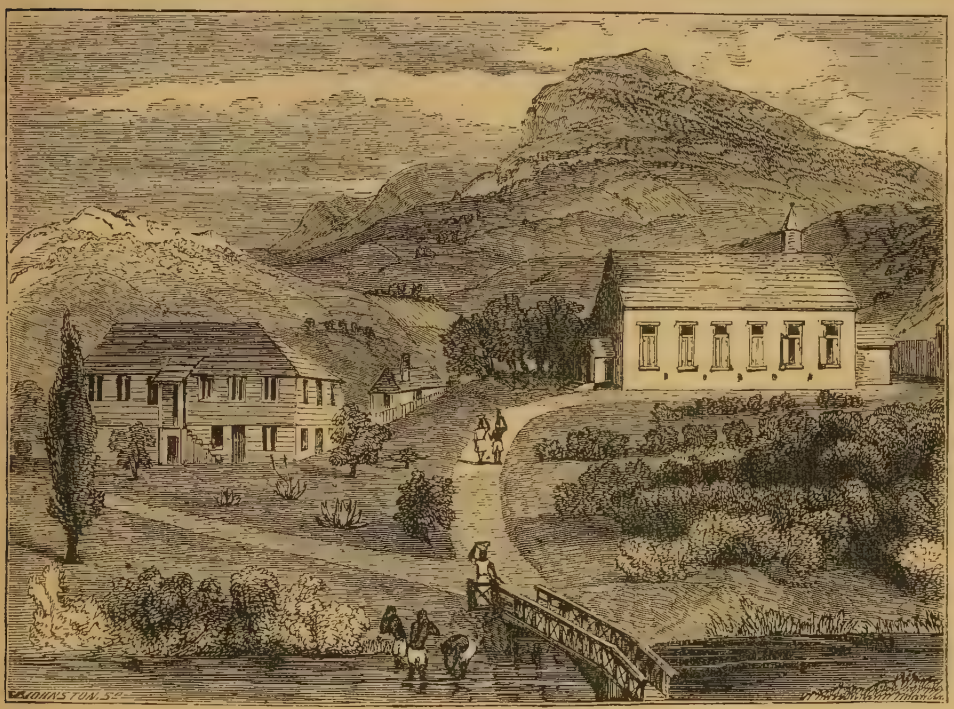
"Let us not be discouraged," wrote one of them; "Africa must be gained for the Lord Jesus Christ."

I have not time to tell you of even a few of these noble men and women. I shall only tell you of one man, whose name was William Augustine Bernard Johnson.

He was a German, who had lived some time in London. He and his wife, who were very poor, were one day in great distress. They had nothing to eat, and they had no money. Mr. Johnson remembered a verse from the Bible which he had learned as a little boy: "*Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me*" (Ps. l. 15). He knew that he had forgotten God, and had not glorified Him. But he prayed to God to forgive him and help him. And God heard his prayer and delivered him. Henceforth Johnson desired to give his whole life to the service of Christ, and in the year 1816 he went out to Sierra Leone for the Church Missionary Society as a schoolmaster. He was sent to Regentstown, a beautiful place five miles from the capital of the Colony, Freetown.

Regentstown is in a valley with hills rising above it. A little river runs through the valley, fed by the mountain streams, and the land is very fertile. Here he found fifteen hundred Negroes, some of them only lately rescued from the slave-ships, and very

wild and ignorant. Some were lying sick and helpless in their huts, and day by day many were dying. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had to care for all these people, to give them the food and clothing allowed by Government where it was needed, to nurse the



REGENTSTOWN.

sick, to set the healthy to work, and to teach them. The first time that Mr. Johnson held a service on Sunday only nine persons came. But the next Sunday his little hut was crowded, and by-and-by he had to build a church. Little by little the Negroes began to get into more orderly ways. When they saw how nice Mrs.

Johnson's black servant looked in her neat cotton dress, they became willing to put on clothes themselves. They depended on Mr. Johnson for everything, and were constantly coming to him with all sorts of matters. There were times when he was so tired out he thought he could hardly bear it any longer. But he had a bright hope that kept him up. He hoped to see these poor people learning to know and love the Lord Jesus. He was glad to see them growing more quiet and industrious, learning to read and write, and coming in large numbers to church. But he could not be satisfied till he saw them giving their hearts to God, and choosing Jesus Christ as their Lord and Master. Day after day he prayed for this.

One Sunday evening, when he was preaching, he asked his congregation,—

"Has any one of you spent five minutes in prayer to the Lord Jesus to-day?"

As he came out of church a man called Joe Thompson followed him. Joe was a black man, but these people often took English names. Joe was very unhappy, and said in his broken English,—

"Massa, me want to speak about my heart."

"What do you want to say about your heart?"

"Massa," he replied, sobbing, "my heart bad too much. When I lie down, or get up, or eat, or drink, I think of sins done in my own country, and sins since me came to Regentstown, and me don't know what to do."

Mr. Johnson was so glad that he nearly burst into tears himself! He knew that since Joe had found out that he was a sinner he would soon find the Saviour. He talked to him of the Lord Jesus dying for his sins, and Joe believed and was comforted. He was the first in Regentstown who became a Christian. Many others followed. One woman was much troubled because she said she had "two hearts." One heart told her to come to Jesus and confess her sins; the other said, "Not now; never mind." Mr. Johnson showed her, in Romans vii., how Paul had

once felt the same thing, but that God had given him the victory "through Jesus Christ," and could give her the victory too. It generally happened that people came on Saturday evening to talk about these things; and by-and-by Mr. Johnson heard that was *the evening the Committee of the Church Missionary Society had set apart to pray for West Africa. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear"* (Isa. lxv. 24).

The church got so crowded that Mr. Johnson had to put up a gallery. And now that many had found the Saviour themselves, he wanted to teach them to care for others who had never heard the Gospel. So he thought he would have missionary meetings, and tell them about the heathen in other places, and what was being done for them. The first was held in December, 1817. At this meeting seventeen Negroes, who, little more than a year ago, were wild, ignorant, and degraded, made little speeches. One man said,—

"I pray God make us help God's work to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. I believe that word will come true. If any got penny, let him give it, and pray God to bless our Society."

I suppose Mr. Johnson had shown them that text in Isaiah xi. 9 about the knowledge of the Lord covering the earth. More than a hundred persons put down their names as subscribers to the Society. Some gave as much as half a crown, and no one gave less than twopence. The children, too, brought their little offerings. One boy brought two halfpennies.

"Where did you get money?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Massa," said the boy, "me got tree coppers long time. Me beg you take two, and me keep one."

The Christians were anxious not only to give money but to do something themselves. One of them went off, taking his Testament with him, to another part of the colony, where some of his relations lived, and persuaded them to go to the nearest Mission Station, that they might learn about the Saviour. And

when Mr. Johnson himself started on a missionary tour round the colony, another, named William Tamba, accompanied him, and preached to some of his heathen countrymen in their own language.

In two or three years Regentstown began to look quite a different place from the little groups of mud huts that Mr. Johnson first found there. Now there were several good buildings. Besides the large church and the parsonage (for Mr. Johnson had been ordained a minister), there was a Government House, hospital, school, and store-house, there was also a bridge over the river, and there were numbers of streets with stone houses. There were gardens and fields where the people grew bananas, oranges, pine-apples, and other fruits, besides yams, Indian corn, coffee, etc. Many of them kept horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and fowls. And besides the farmers, there were workmen of all kinds, masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and others, who earned their own living, and no longer had to be provided for by Government. No wonder they all loved Mr. Johnson! And it was a sad day for them when he had to leave them to take his wife, who was very ill, home to England. One of the Christian negroes thus described the farewell: "Much people shake hands with him, till he tired; and he was obliged to take two or three people's hands in his hand at once. And then we all go as far as the bridge, and he go on on horseback; and then he bid the people 'good-bye,' and all say 'good-bye'; and then some begin to weep, and some follow as far as Freetown."

Some went as far as the sea-shore, and wished they could go farther.

"Massa," they said, "suppose no water live here, we go with you all the way, till no feet more!"

He was not long away. Mrs. Johnson being better, they both returned back to their beloved work. The excitement was great at Regentstown when the people heard they had landed once more in Sierra Leone. After evening service one Sunday a man who had

hurried from Freetown with the news stood up and told them Mr. Johnson was come. Some went off to Freetown to meet him, and some sang all the night through for joy!

But Mrs. Johnson grew sick again, and had once more to return to England. And the following year Mr. Johnson was attacked with bad disease in the eyes. It was necessary for him to go home too, and in April, 1823, he sailed, hoping very soon to return.

Three days after starting he was struck down with fever, and quickly got worse. One night he was heard to say: "I cannot live, for God calls me, and this night I shall be with Him!" And so, having finished the work God gave him to do, he passed away to be in His presence for ever!

If you were to go to Sierra Leone now, as well as to other parts of West Africa, you would meet with many people named Johnson. Most of them were named after this good missionary, and you would find some of them truly walking in his footsteps, and seeking to bring others to the Saviour.

In the same year that Johnson died *five* new missionaries went out to Sierra Leone. In six months after they had landed *four* were dead! The next year, out of *six* more who arrived, *two* died, and in the following year *two* out of *three*. Another good German, called Nyländer, laboured there for nineteen years, and one or two even longer. But these were only a few, and people began to see that the Europeans must have African teachers to help them. A school for training native teachers had been already begun at Regentstown, and later on it was moved to Fourah Bay. It is now called the "Fourah Bay College." Among the first Africans who were trained here were William Tamba, of whom I have told you already, and Samuel Crowther. I wonder whether you have heard Crowther's story. I must tell it here for those who have not heard it.

I told you how the English vessels used to watch for the slave-ships, that they might set the poor slaves free. One of these

English vessels, called the *Myrmidon*, one day caught a slave-ship, with a hundred and eighty-seven of these poor creatures on board, some of them dying from the sufferings they had endured. Among them was a little boy called Adjai.

Adjai had once lived in a happy home in the Yoruba country. I myself have heard him tell in his old age of the merry games he used to play with his young companions there. But one day his father rushed into the hut and told the mother to run away and hide herself and the children in the bush. Some of the fierce tribe of Foulahs, who are Mohammedans, had attacked the town, that they might take the people away for slaves. Adjai's father was killed. His mother tried to escape with her children, and Adjai, who was twelve years old, seized his bow and arrows and tried to protect the rest. But it was of no use. All were captured, bound, and carried off. They passed through their own town, where the houses were in a blaze, and the wounded and dying lying in the road. Then they were taken far away, and by-and-by they were separated from one another, and Adjai was brought down to the coast. Here he was bought by a Portuguese, who fastened a long chain round his neck with a padlock, and after a few days spent in a suffocating slave hut, he was put on board a ship and packed away with crowds of other poor sufferers, exhausted with fatigue and with cruel blows. But soon the English ship bore down upon them, and in a few moments the slaves were free!

They were, however, very much frightened. They could not at first believe these white men meant to do them good. And seeing a pile of cannon balls on the deck of the *Myrmidon*, they took them for *black heads* which had been cut off! However, they soon found out their mistake. They were taken to Sierra Leone and well cared for there.

The arrival of a vessel bringing freed slaves was always a time of great excitement. People ran down to the shore as soon as the vessel was in sight, and as boat after boat full of Negroes

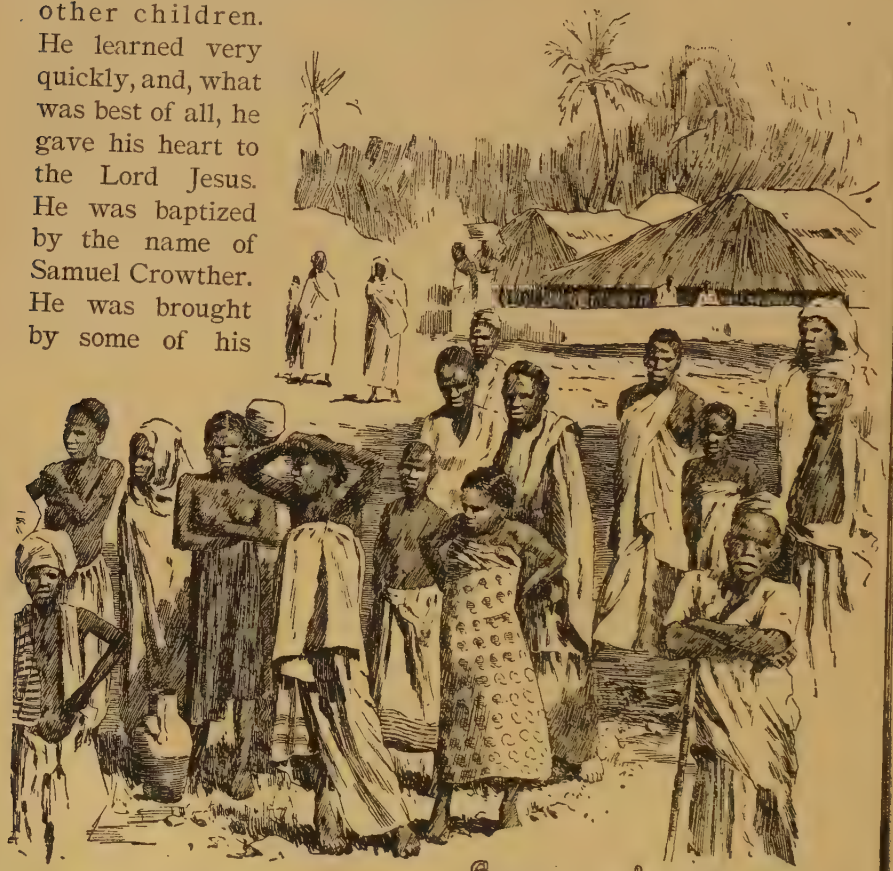
landed there were shouts of "My mother!" "My brother!" "My

BISHOP CROWTHER.

sister!" and those who had been separated by the cruel slave-dealers, and never thought to see each other's faces again, rushed

into one another's arms, with cries of joy. You can fancy what a surprise it was to the rescued slaves to find their friends living here in comfort, protected by the white men. Adjai did not meet his relations when he first landed, but he found them some years after, as you shall hear.

The boy was sent to school with other children. He learned very quickly, and, what was best of all, he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus. He was baptized by the name of Samuel Crowther. He was brought by some of his



SKETCH IN A NATIVE VILLAGE
SOME FREED SLAVES:

missionary friends on a short visit to England, and when he returned to Sierra Leone he entered the College. He was first a student, afterwards a teacher, and later on he was sent as schoolmaster to Regentstown, his wife Susanna being appointed schoolmistress. Susanna had been a playmate of little Adjai's at the old home. Both had been sold for slaves and put on board the same ship, and when Adjai was rescued, little Asano (as she was then called) was rescued too, brought to Sierra Leone, and put to school.

Adjai's old home in the Yoruba country was not the only one robbed and burned by the Mohammedan Foulahs. Town after town was destroyed by them, and numbers of people carried off to be sold. Those who managed to escape fled far away where these cruel men might not find them. Several came to the banks of a river called Ogun, to a spot where there are a number of rocks, of all shapes and sizes. The largest is called Olumo, and under this rock they found a spacious cave, where they took refuge. As time went on they ventured out, and began to cultivate the ground round about. Other fugitives from different towns joined them, and by-and-by a number of little towns sprang up from the rocks, called after the name of the old homes which had been destroyed. The people were all of one tribe, and were called Egbas, and a wise chief, called Shodeke, advised them to join together and make one city. A wall was built all round the little towns, and the whole was called Abeokuta, or *Understone*, from the cave in which they had first taken refuge.

A good many of the Negroes living in Sierra Leone had come from the Yoruba country, and belonged to the Egba tribe. Some of them were industrious and enterprising, and they bought a vessel which had once been a slave-ship, and began to trade at different places on the coast. At these places they heard about the city of Abeokuta, and how it was prospering. They longed to see their own country once more and their old friends, and they determined to go to Abeokuta. Hearing that the shortest road was by way of Lagos, some of them landed here, to begin

their journey. But they were robbed of everything they had, and only their lives spared. Another party took a safer road by Badagry, and reached Abeokuta in safety. The people here were delighted to see them, for many were old acquaintances, and when they heard the story of how the white men had rescued the poor captives in the slave-ships, and cared for them, they were filled with wonder. Some of the new arrivals were Christians, and after they had been a little while in Abeokuta they began to miss their church and their teachers. Then the people of the city sent a message to beg that the white men would come and teach them also. So a good missionary, Henry Townsend, visited the place, and took with him Samuel Crowther; and in the year 1845 a mission was begun in Abeokuta.

I must tell you how Crowther found his friends. He had often, when in Sierra Leone, gone down to the beach, hoping that among the rescued slaves who were brought on shore he might find his mother or his sisters. Year after year he was disappointed. But when he arrived at Badagry, on his way to Abeokuta, he heard that an uncle of his was going to be put on board a slave-ship, and carried off. He managed to ransom him from the slave-dealer, and then the uncle told him his mother and sisters were free, and living near Abeokuta! His mother heard of his coming, and when at length he stood before her, she could hardly believe her eyes. She trembled all over, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and long she sat by him, holding his hand in silence. It was five and twenty years since they had been separated, and during that time the poor mother had suffered much, having been twice sold, and then ransomed again. She now remained with her son, and began to learn about the Saviour. Very slowly she took in what she heard, but in a year's time she was baptized, taking the name of Hannah. Crowther's brother and sisters, with their children, were actually stolen again! They were driven into Abeokuta, with a crowd of other slaves for sale, in a most miserable condition. But he found them and was able to ransom them.

ABEOKUTA—ROCK OLUMA IN DISTANCE.

I cannot now tell you the story of the mission at Abeokuta, with its many difficulties and trials, and with the wonderful blessing God gave to it. Now there are native pastors in the different churches, and the work has spread into the country round, and there are some thousands of Christians in the Yoruba country. Some of them belong to the great city of Ibadan, which is larger than Abeokuta, and has been called "The London of Negro-land." Two devoted missionaries who laboured here, David and Anna Hinderer, trained up several African boys, who are now working as missionaries in other parts of the country.

And what of Sierra Leone? I think you would like to visit it. It is not dangerous as in former years, for Europeans have found out the right way to preserve their health in that climate. You would enjoy the beautiful view from the river (or arm of the sea) as your vessel draws near, the mountains standing out grandly beneath the bright sky, and Freetown looking so pretty on the slope of the hills as they rise from the beach. You would like to walk through the curious streets, where some of the houses are fine stone buildings, and some are grass-roofed huts, and see the crowds continually passing. You would like to see the black people meeting to worship God in the churches, and the black boys and girls in their beautiful schools, and the "Princess Christian" Cottage Hospital, where the sick are cared for. And you would like to climb the hills higher up, and enjoy the magnificent views over town, and sea, and valleys, with silvery streams running through them, and orange and other fruit trees lining the roadside. You would like to see the church at Regentstown, and the parsonage, and the garden which Mr. Johnson planted. But the most touching sight of all would be the cemetery at Kissey, with the graves of the men and women who laid down their lives that the perishing Africans might know the love of God and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. And you would be glad to remember how God had blessed the work of His servants in West Africa.

Livingstone Relics.

CHAPTER IV

THE HERO OF BECHUANA LAND

"NOW, Robert, I want you to promise me one thing before we part."

Robert was a Scotch lad of sixteen years of age. He was just about to start for England, where he had got a situation as under-gardener with a gentleman in Cheshire. He had been an industrious, hard-working boy, and though he had had very little schooling, he had learned all he could by himself. But no one ever thought that young Robert would one day be known as the great Dr. Moffat.

Robert loved his mother, but he did not want to make a promise without knowing what it was about. "No, mother," he said; "I cannot, till you tell me what your wish is." But his mother still pleaded. And as he raised his eyes and looked into her face, he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, mother!" he said, "ask what you will, and I will do it."

"I only ask you to read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another in the evening."

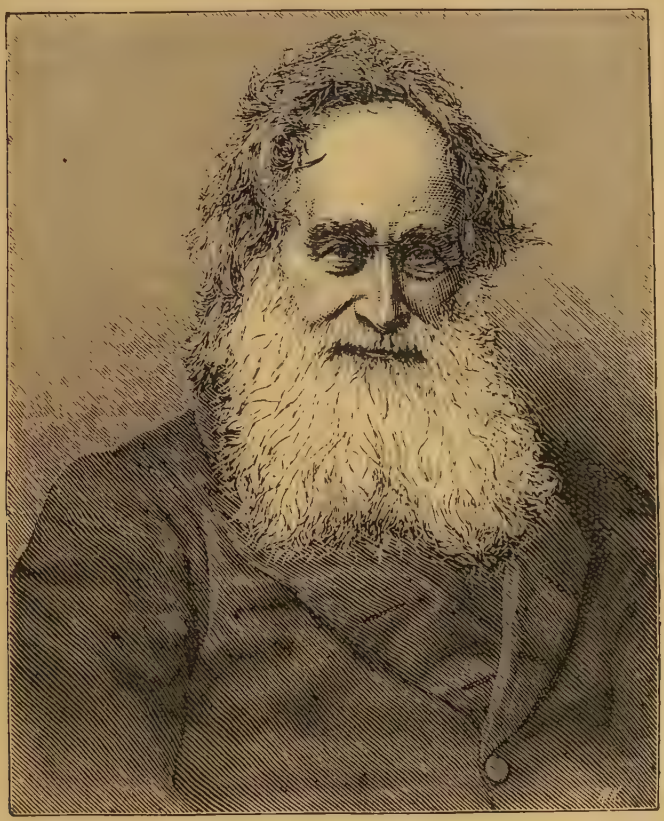
Robert promised, and that promise he kept. He said good-bye to his mother, and started on his journey. He went by boat to

Liverpool,—not a steamer; in those days there were no steamers, and the voyage took three weeks,—and then on by coach,—for there were no railways,—to High Leigh, in Cheshire. At High Leigh he found plenty to do. The head-gardener left a great deal in the hands of his young helper, and Robert was busy from morning till night. Yet he managed now and then to study a little, and every morning and evening he read his chapter in the Bible. At first he did this only on account of his promise, but by-and-by he heard some godly Methodists preach, and he began to see that he was a sinner before God. Then he searched his Bible to find what he must do to be saved. You know the Bible says "Seek, and ye shall find." And when Robert began to seek in earnest, God opened his eyes and showed him that Christ had borne his sins and died that he might have eternal life. The lad believed with all his heart, and determined henceforth to live for the Saviour who had given His life for him. And, like Paul (Acts ix. 20), he began at once to talk to others about the Lord Jesus, and what He had done for sinners.

One day he had to go to a neighbouring town on business. As he walked along he was thinking what he might do for the service of God when he should get on and prosper in life. He had a very good chance of getting on, and even of becoming a rich man some day, for he was known to be clever and industrious, and not long after he had an offer of a much better situation and very good wages. But God had other purposes for him.

When he got to the town he noticed a placard in the street announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held that day in the town. The words brought back to his mind the winter evenings spent as a boy at home, when the family sat round the fire, busy at work, and his mother used to read stories to them of what missionaries were doing in Greenland and India, and other parts of the world. It was too late for him to go to the meeting. That was already over. But he stood there reading the placard again and again, till his whole heart was filled with the desire to

be a missionary himself. But who would send out a young man with no education? At first he thought the only way would be



ROBERT MOFFAT.

for him to become a sailor, that he might get to heathen countries beyond the sea.

However, not long after, he heard of a good minister, named Roby, who had helped to send young men out as missionaries,

and he made up his mind to go and see him. He was dreadfully shy, and when he got to Mr. Roby's door he was afraid to knock! He turned and walked away, came back, walked away again, came back once more. At last he knocked. Oh! how frightened he felt when the door was opened, and he was told Mr. Roby was at home. But his fears soon passed away. The minister received him very kindly, and promised to help him. He arranged for Robert to come and live near him in Manchester and have a little teaching. And soon afterwards the young man was accepted by the London Missionary Society, and sent out to South Africa when he was only twenty-three years of age. He went out about the same time as John Williams, the great missionary and martyr of the South Seas.

What did his parents say? They were very grieved to part from him, for he was going far away to a place of which they knew little, and they hardly expected ever to see him again. But since God had called him they would not keep him back. He sailed from England with four other young men in October, 1812, and reached Cape Town, after a voyage of nearly three months, in January, 1813.

Things at the Cape were much changed since George Schmidt landed there seventy-six years before. The colony was now in the hands of the English. Missionaries were no longer strange there, and though some people still disliked them and tried to hinder their work, there were others who showed them kindness and sympathy. Moffat was not to remain at the Cape, but to go into Namaqua Land, of which you have heard before, north-west of the colony. Here there lived a Hottentot chief whose name was a terror to all the English and Dutch settlers. He was called Afrikaner. He had once, like so many Hottentots, been servant to a Dutch farmer. The farmer was very cruel to his servants, and at last they would bear it no longer, and Afrikaner's brother shot his master. Then Afrikaner and the rest fled away, crossed the Orange River and settled in Namaqua Land. There they

lived by robbery, swooping down upon the nearest settlers and upon the other native tribes round about them, carrying off their cattle. The bravest chiefs fled with their families to the mountains to get out of reach of Afrikaner, and the Government at the Cape offered a large sum of money to any one who should make him

AFRIKANER.

prisoner, dead or alive. But he was not to be caught, and he set them all at defiance.

Many pitied young Moffat when they heard he was to go to Afrikaner's village. They thought he would never come back alive. "He will make you," they said, "a mark for his boys to shoot at." One motherly woman cried over him, saying he was too young to go, as it seemed to her, into the lion's mouth. But Robert was not frightened. He trusted in God. And because he

loved and trusted God he loved and trusted his fellow-men also, and he went on his way without minding the doleful warning. The dreaded Afrikaner had already allowed one missionary to stay for a time in his village, but when Moffat came this man was not sorry to leave.

Afrikaner soon grew very fond of Moffat, and, what was better, his heart began to be softened. He listened to the word of God, and came day after day to be taught. Sometimes he would sit up at night, talking with his teacher. All he heard was new and strange, and it filled his heart with wonder. And then he began to grieve over all his wickedness. "What have I now," he said, "for all the battles I fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?" He loved his teacher, and when Moffat was ill he nursed him tenderly.

Would you like to know what sort of house Moffat lived in? It was built, like the huts of the natives, in half an hour! Some women got a number of poles, planted them in the ground, bent them at the top so as to meet one another, tied them firmly together, and covered them with mats, leaving an opening large enough to crawl through. Of course the rain came in, but this was not as bad as the scorching heat, the dust, and the snakes. Yet here Moffat lived for some months. His food was chiefly milk and dried meat, but he managed to grow some Indian corn and a few vegetables. He was his own miller, baker, and cook, as well as carpenter and shoemaker! An old woman milked the cows for him, made his fire, and washed his things.

After some time Moffat had to take a journey to the Cape, and he asked Afrikaner to go with him. It seemed a dangerous thing for the chief to go to a place where he was hated by every one, and where a hundred pounds had been offered for his head. But Moffat promised that no harm should happen to him. He wanted the governor to make peace with him, and to see that he was a changed man. Afrikaner trusted the missionary, and they started off together. On their way they stopped at a farmhouse. The

farmer could not believe at first that it was Moffat whom he saw. "No!" he said, "you cannot be Moffat. I have heard of his murder by Afrikaner, and I know a man who has seen his

MARY MOFFAT.

bones!" He was still more astonished when he heard that Afrikaner was now a Christian, and that he was close at hand. "I should like to see him," he said, "although he killed my brother,"

and he praised God that this savage chief had been brought to the feet of Christ.

Still greater was the surprise at the Cape when Afrikaner appeared there with Moffat, and people saw that the "lion" had become a "lamb," gentle and humble. The governor sent for him, and spent the money he had once offered for the chief's head on presents for him and his people!

At the Cape Moffat met Miss Mary Smith, whom he had long hoped to make his wife. When he left England her parents could not make up their minds to let her go so far away, but at last they consented, and she came out and was married at Cape Town. Mary Moffat was as brave and good as her husband, and was the greatest help to him in his work. It was now settled that Moffat was not to return to Namaqua Land, but to go into the country of the Bechuanas. This country is just in the middle of South Africa. The Bechuanas are not Hottentots, but belong to the Kaffir race. There was already a mission among them, at Lattakoo, but it did not prosper, and some of the Bechuanas themselves had asked that Moffat would come and teach them. Mary Moffat now made her first journey with a train of ox-wagons. It took seven weeks to get to the Orange River, a journey of six hundred miles, and they fortunately found the water in the river very low, so that they crossed without difficulty. They could not at first get the governor's permission to settle at Lattakoo, and had to remain for some time at a place called Griqua Town.

But you will want to know what had become of Afrikaner, and whether he was content to part with the teacher he loved so dearly. The fact is, Afrikaner and his people wanted to leave their home in Namaqua Land. They had lived there formerly by robbing others. But there was little water, the ground was barren, and it was not easy to grow enough food. The chief intended to follow Moffat. From the Cape he went home and brought all the missionary's things—a little furniture, a few books, and some cattle and sheep—over to Griqua Town. At Griqua Town lived a

chief called Berend. He and Afrikaner had once been deadly enemies, always fighting one another. Now both of them were Christians, and they met as brothers in Christ. They knelt and prayed together, and they sang God's praises together. Then Afrikaner had to go home once more. Before he could join Moffat, God called him up higher! He passed away peacefully to be with the Lord whom he loved.

Robert and Mary Moffat at length settled, with another good missionary, Mr. Hamilton, at Lattakoo, but later on they moved to a more convenient place, on the banks of a river, called Kuruman, and this was their home for many years. Work among the Bechuanas was very hard. The language, which they called Sechuana, was difficult; the people were dirty, and degraded, and cruel, and cared little to learn. They were great thieves, and stole the missionaries' things whenever their backs were turned. Sometimes they found their sheep gone, sometimes their vegetables, sometimes their tools. And one day, when they looked into the cooking pot, they found a stone in it instead of the meat they were to have had for dinner! Worst of all, when the rain failed and a terrible famine came on, the "rain-doctors" declared it was the fault of the white people, and that they ought to be got rid of. So one day a band of armed warriors came round the house. Moffat came to meet them, while his wife stood by him with her baby in her arms. The warriors told them they must be gone out of the place. Moffat refused. Very quietly he said to the angry Bechuanas :

"If you want us to leave you, you will have to use force, for our hearts are with you. Kill me, if you like, and then my companions will know it is time for them to leave you."

The Bechuanas were confounded. "These people," they said, "must have ten lives, they are so fearless of death," and they went away and left the missionaries in peace.

For seven years Mr. and Mrs. Moffat laboured on in Kuruman without seeing a single Bechuana give up his sins and turn to the

Lord. The people would say: "You talk about King Jesus—you talk about Jehovah; let us see the first Bechuana who will bow to Jesus!" But the missionaries did not lose heart. They knew that Jesus is Lord of all, and that He must conquer. One day Mary Moffat got a letter from a friend in England. The friend wrote: "Is there anything I could send you which would be useful in the mission?" Mrs. Moffat wrote back: "Send us a Communion Service (cups and plates for taking the Lord's Supper). *We shall want it some day.*" She was right. At last the fruits of their labour began to appear. People crowded to the services and listened with eager attention, and two or three began to show real sorrow for their sins. A Hottentot slave, who had run away from his master, was baptized with his children. Crowds of Bechuanas were present at the baptism, and several wept and cried over their sins and longed to become Christians too. Numbers came to ask the missionaries, "What must I do to be saved?" A chief said to Moffat: "When I think of my past life and the love of God to sinners, my head flows waters, and sleep departs from my eyes."

The Communion Service Mary Moffat had asked for was a long time on its way. But at last a box arrived, and inside were the portraits of her parents and this Communion Service. She was delighted with both. The next day six Bechuanas who had been baptized gathered together with the missionaries and took the bread and wine in remembrance of the Saviour's dying love. There was great joy in Kuruman that day. And we know there was joy in heaven too!

The village now became quite a changed place. Heathen singing and dancing ceased, and the people might be heard singing hymns instead, for Moffat had translated some into their language. They built a nice schoolroom, where service was held until the church could be finished. Gradually they became clean, orderly, and industrious, and their homes pleasant to look upon.

One day three strangers arrived at Kuruman to see the wonderful white men and all that they had done. They came from a

MOFFAT'S HOUSE.

long distance off, to the north-east, and belonged to a tribe called the Matabele. Their country is now governed by the English, but at that time it was hardly known. They had a king called Mosilikatse, who was very fierce and warlike. He and his people were the terror of all who lived near them. But this king had heard of the white men, and wanted to know more about them, and so he sent these three chiefs. Mr. and Mrs. Moffat received them hospitably and showed them everything. When they saw the missionaries' houses and gardens, the church and the school, the blacksmith's forge, and all the village looking so bright and prosperous, they were amazed.

At length it was time for them to go home to Matabele Land. But a report came that some of the people, through whose country they would have to pass, meant to murder them. So Moffat determined to go with them himself and see that no harm happened to them, for the natives mostly knew that Moffat was their friend. He did not mean to go all the way, but the Matabele said their king would never forgive them if they let the white man go back without his seeing him. Mosilikatse received him with great joy, and paid him every possible honour. Laying his hand on Moffat's shoulder, the king said: "My heart is all as white as milk (that is, peaceful and glad). I am wondering at the love of a stranger who never saw me. You have fed me, you have protected me, you have carried me in your arms."

"But when have I done this?" asked Moffat.

Pointing to the three chiefs, the king replied,—

"These are my great servants whom I love. They are my eyes and ears, and what you did to them you did to me."

Does it not remind you of the great and holy King Who will one day say to those who have cared for His people: "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me*"?

Moffat stayed a short time with Mosilikatse, and tried to talk to him of the things of God. But though the king showed great

affection for the missionary, he did not give much attention to his message. Moffat was grieved and horrified at the wicked and cruel things he saw going on around him, and came away feeling very sad.

This was only one of many journeys which Moffat took in South Africa. Miles and miles he used to travel, sometimes with ox-wagons, sometimes on foot, sometimes trying to make peace between tribes who wanted to fight one another, sometimes preaching the Gospel to large crowds. Often he travelled far without food, and preached when he was faint and hungry; sometimes he was wet through with the rains, or with fording the deep rivers; sometimes he was in great danger from wild beasts, but God preserved him through all. His brave wife toiled on at home, though often in great anxiety about her husband, and sometimes herself in danger with her children. She, too, had to take several long and difficult journeys to the Cape, to put her children to school and to go and see how they were getting on.

One of Moffat's employments when at home at Kuruman was translating the Bible into Sechuana. Did you ever think how hard such a task would be? If you had to sit down at home and put a little story into French or German, you could look in the dictionary for the words you wanted, and I am not sure then that your work would be very well done! But savage tribes like those of South Africa have no dictionaries. When a missionary first visits them he has to pick up the words as he hears them, and write them down himself. And when he wants to write down a verse of Scripture in the native language he can hardly find any words which will say exactly what it means. Moffat toiled hard at this task, and himself printed some parts of what he had translated. But, by-and-by, when the whole New Testament was finished, he found he must take it to England to have it printed properly.

He took ship from the Cape with his family, and after a long and trying voyage he reached England nearly twenty-seven years after he had left it. His dear parents were still alive, and so was

Mrs. Moffat's father, but her mother had been called home to be with the Lord.

The work that Moffat had done in South Africa was well known to many friends in England. Numbers of people were anxious to see the man whom God had used to conquer the terrible Afrikaner, and to tame the wild Bechuanas. He had to go from place to place to hold meetings, and crowds came to hear him everywhere. Little children were delighted to hear him talk. He got his New Testament printed, and the Psalms also, and then he started with his wife and children again for South Africa.

The Bechuanas had missed him greatly. As he drew near to his old home at Kuruman one party after another came out to meet them, bringing fresh oxen to draw the wagons, and great was the rejoicing. For many days after their return visitors kept coming in from long distances to see their dear white father and mother. The familiar names by which Mr. and Mrs. Moffat were called were Ra-mary and Ma-mary—that is, the father and mother of Mary, their eldest child. This Mary not long after married David Livingstone, who had lately come out to join the Mission, and went with him to a place about two hundred miles off, called Mabotsa. You shall hear more about them in another chapter.

Moffat was not satisfied with having given the Bechuanas the New Testament and the Psalms. He wanted them to have the whole Bible, and he worked hard to get it translated. The people were eager for the Word of God. Families would come fifty and sixty miles, carrying their children on their shoulders, to ask for part of the Scriptures. Some came a hundred miles, driving their sheep before them. They were so glad to get a copy of one of the gospels that they clasped the books to their hearts and cried over them, till Moffat had to say, "Take care! You will spoil the books with your tears!" One day a young man said to him, "I would like to ask you a question; it is one that has made us talk a great deal."

"What is it?" asked Moffat.

"Did the holy men who wrote the Word of God know that there were Bechuanas in the world?"

"What do you think yourself?" said Moffat.

"I think they did," replied the young man, "because the Word of God describes every sin which the wicked Bechuanas have in their hearts: you know they are the most wicked people in all the

MOFFAT INSTITUTION, KURUMAN.

world, and it is all described in that book, so that those who are unconverted do not like to hear us read, because they say that we are turning their hearts inside out."

Moffat toiled hard over the work of translation. Sometimes he was in his study from morning till night, and when he came to meals his mind was so full of Sechuana words and phrases that he would have forgotten to eat if his wife had not watched him carefully. At length it became necessary for him to have a change. He would not go and take his ease at the Cape, but set off north-

wards on another missionary journey. He visited Sechele, a chief who had been won over to Christianity by Livingstone, and then went on to visit his old friend, Mosilikatse, who was delighted to see him once more; and he was able to send men with some necessary supplies for Livingstone, who had gone on much farther north. When at length the whole Bible was finished, he paid one more visit to Mosilikatse. The Society at home were anxious to establish a mission among the Matabele people, and asked Moffat to take the new missionaries to the king, and see them started in their work. This was a difficult matter, for Mosilikatse, though he loved Moshete, as he called Moffat, did not want any other missionaries. At first he would not give them a place to settle in, and he himself, with all his belongings, went right away to another place! However, after a time, he sent oxen and wagons for the missionaries to follow him to a place called Inyati, and there he showed them a spot where they might settle.

Moffat was now able to return to Kuruman, and for ten years more he laboured on there. At length the time came when his strength was gone. He had a trying cough, and could not sleep, and he saw that he and his wife must leave the dear place where they had toiled for fifty years, and go back to England. It was heart-breaking to leave the people he loved, but he knew he could do no more work *in* Africa, while at home he might still work *for* Africa. In the year 1870 he preached his last sermon in Kuruman, and amidst the sobs and wails of the Bechuanas he and his wife looked their last upon the dear old home, and started to go back to England. Mary Moffat did not long survive. She passed away peacefully a few months after reaching England. But Dr. Moffat (he was made Doctor of Divinity by the University of Edinburgh) lived on to the age of eighty-seven, active almost to the last.

MOMBASA.

CHAPTER V

HEROES OF EAST AFRICA

LUDWIG KRAPF was not feeling very happy as he took his place on the lowest bench of a grammar-school in Germany. He had just come to school for the first time, and the master had put him in a class with boys nine years old, while he was already thirteen. It was not that the master was unkind, but he found that Ludwig, who was a farmer's son, was behind the boys of his own age, and had to learn things they knew already. Ludwig determined that he would not stay longer than he could help in the lowest class, so he paid great attention to his lessons. He used to bring his lunch from home every day, and in the hour between morning and afternoon school he would go down to the river with his books, and study while he was taking his food. When a boy makes up his mind to be industrious and get on he generally succeeds, and it was not long before Ludwig was moved up higher. He persevered as a boy, and he became a persevering man.

When he first came to school he knew very little of geography,

and he was very pleased when his father bought him a new atlas. He liked looking at the maps. One day he was poring over the map of Africa, and he noticed one place where there was hardly a name marked. Was it a desert where no one lived, and were there any hyenas there? This was what he was wondering. He had been reading the story of a traveller named Bruce, who had met with hyenas, and that was why he thought of them. "Oh! if I could be a traveller," he said to himself, "and go out and explore these unknown lands!"

He was wise enough, however, not to sit dreaming about being a traveller, and he went on working hard at his lessons. But he told his parents that one day he meant to be captain of a ship and go and visit foreign countries.

When he was two years older another idea came into his mind. He heard for the first time about the needs of the heathen, and about missionaries going out to teach them. Young Krapf knew it was a good thing to be a Christian, and he thought he should like to become a missionary and go out to teach the heathen. Then he remembered that he had not given his own heart to God, although he knew of God's love to man. How then could he go and teach others?

But as he grew up the time came when he truly loved the Lord and desired to serve Him. He went to the Missionary College at Basle to be trained for work. Then hearing that the Church Missionary Society in England wanted missionaries, he offered himself, and the Society accepted him and sent him out to Africa.

Now he had got the wish of his heart, and he went forth gladly. But he was not sent first to the heathen. If you will get your map (I hope you are as fond of a map as Krapf was) and look at the Red Sea, you will find lying west of it a country called Abyssinia. Here there had been a Christian Church from very early times, but the Church had become very corrupt, and taught things which were not in the Bible; and the people knew hardly anything about

the Lord Jesus Christ or about His commands. And it was thought that missionaries might help them to know and to do better.

JOHN LUDWIG KRAPF.

It was about twenty-five years after Robert Moffat went out to South Africa that Krapf arrived in Abyssinia. The mission there did not prosper. Krapf was very badly treated, and was at length

turned out of the country. He now resolved to go to the heathen in another part of Africa. He had lately married a good Christian woman, and he and his wife took their passage in an Arab vessel, starting from Aden, at the entrance of the Red Sea, to sail down the east coast. The vessel was bound for Zanzibar, which was a great place for trade.

Not long after they started a furious storm came on. The Arab ship was not like one of the fine steamers in which missionaries may travel now. She soon sprang a leak, and began to fill with water, and in a few moments more crew and passengers must have perished, for they were some distance from land. But just before the boat turned over another boat came up and took them all on board. Krapf could afterwards thank God, not only for the deliverance, but *for the shipwreck*, for if he had gone on in the first boat, he would have missed a great deal, as you will see presently. It often happens so when troubles come. If the trouble did *not* come we should miss something God had to show us—something worth seeing!

The vessel which took up the shipwrecked people was not going as far as the first one. It stopped at a place on the coast called Takaungu. The people here were hospitable and friendly to Krapf and his wife, who had to wait for another boat. And here Krapf heard something which set him thinking. The Arab traders talked of the countries far away in the interior, and of *a great Lake*. Now geographers had always supposed there were no lakes in Africa, and that most of the interior was a desert. So this was interesting news to Krapf, and he did not forget it.

By-and-by he found a smaller boat called a "dhow," which was going to Zanzibar, so he and his wife went on board. Before reaching Zanzibar the dhow stopped at an island called Mombasa, where cocoa-nuts, oranges, and other fruits grew in abundance, and where there was a town with a good harbour. If Krapf had gone by the boat which was wrecked, he would have sailed straight to Zanzibar, and might never have heard of the great Lake, nor have seen Mombasa.

Zanzibar is also an island, larger than Mombasa. Here lived the Sultan who ruled over a large part of the coast. There were all sorts of people there, Africans, and Arabs, and Hindus, and traders from other nations besides, and there was an English consul, who took care that Englishmen who came there were properly treated. The consul asked Krapf to stay at Zanzibar, but the missionary was eager to get to the mainland, the very continent

VILLAGE ON THE EAST COAST.

of Africa, and he thought the best place to begin was on the coast opposite Mombasa. So back to Mombasa he went, and began at once to study the language. This was a language spoken chiefly in Zanzibar and Mombasa and along the coast, called Swahili. It is a mixture of Arabic and some African languages, and it is always used by the Arab traders, so that even different tribes living far away in the interior understand it a little. Krapf set to work to learn this language first, and to translate the Scriptures into

it; but, later on, he learned a good deal of other languages as well.

Before he could begin his mission on the coast, a great sorrow came upon him. Both he and his wife became very ill with fever, and while he was still very sick and weak, his wife died, and their little child followed her. They were buried on the mainland opposite Mombasa. If you were to go there to-day you would see the grave, overshadowed by trees—the grave of the first white woman—the first Christian grave, in that part of Africa. But Krapf was a true "soldier of Jesus Christ," and the Lord Jesus was with him. And so in his great sorrow he did not lose courage. He wrote home and told the committee of the Church Missionary Society that now there was a Christian grave in East Africa they might be sure that God meant the gospel to be preached there.

In the following year, 1846, another missionary, a German called John Rebmann, joined him, and now Krapf resolved to start the mission at once. He had chosen a place called Rabai, a beautiful spot on the hills which rise up from the coast, with a lovely view over Mombasa harbour and island, and of the sea beyond. Krapf had got permission from the Wanika, the tribe living in Rabai and in the neighbourhood, to come and settle there and build.

"Yes," they said, when he asked them, "the birds have nests, and the Wazungu (white men) must have houses."

You can reach Rabai by boat up a winding creek, but when you land there is a steep hill to climb. When the day came to take the journey, Krapf was ill again, but he would not put it off. He rode up the steep hill on a donkey, while Rebmann toiled up by his side.

The Wanika lived in little huts made of reeds and mud, which have been compared to birds' nests turned upside down. They cared for little else than eating and drinking, and had no desire to hear the message from God which Krapf and Rebmann had come to bring them. The missionaries had put up a little hut where

they might have service on Sunday, and preach the Gospel to the people. The first Sunday fifteen came to listen; but when Krapf had done speaking they asked what he was going to give them for coming.

"No man," they said, "among the Wanika ever goes to a palaver (a talk) without eating and drinking."

One day he had been saying that the hearts of all are by nature sinful. Two women came to complain of this, and one said,—

"Who has been slandering me? I have a good heart, and know of no sin."

The first of the Wanika who cared about the message was a poor cripple called Mringe. Krapf had been telling the people what the Lord Jesus had said to Nicodemus, when he came to Him by night: "*Ye must be born again.*" And Mringe asked the same question that Nicodemus asked; "How can a man be born again?" After this he wanted to hear more, and he used to come constantly to be taught. He heard all the story of the life and death of the Lord Jesus, and why He came into the world, and the love of Christ began to enter into his heart. He was truly "born again," "born of the Spirit."

The poor cripple lived with his mother; but as soon as he began to care for the things of God, and to talk about them, she was very angry, and treated him badly. At last she was so unkind that Krapf helped the poor fellow to get a little hut of his own. Here he gathered around him other Wanika who cared to hear and talk of these things. Mringe especially loved to hear about the heavenly city and the glorious body in which those who love the Lord Jesus will rise from the dead. He was the first of the Wanika, in fact the first man in that part of Africa, to be baptized as a Christian.

But Krapf and Rebmann did not spend all their time at Rabai. They made many journeys to the countries round about, to find out all about them, and thus prepare the way for other missionaries who should follow. The first important journey was made

by Rebmann. Krapf went over to Mombasa to get some things that were wanted, and he told the Arab governor there, who was very friendly, where Rebmann was going. "Then," said the governor, "he must not go near the great mountain, Kilimanjaro, for it is full of evil spirits. Men who have been there have lost the use of their hands and feet, and some have perished." Krapf said that Rebmann would be careful, but he did not know *why* the mountain was dangerous. By-and-by he found it out! Rebmann went on his journey; and one day—the very same day that Mringe was asking how a man could be born again—he saw a strange and unexpected sight. There, in the far distance, against the blue sky, he saw a snow peak! You know East Africa is nearly the hottest place in the world, close to the equator, and no one ever dreamed of seeing snow there. But there it was, real, white, dazzling snow. And this was the dangerous mountain, Mount Kilimanjaro. The natives told Rebmann that a king, who lived not far off, thought it was silver shining on the mountain, and sent men to try and get some of it. But they came back with their hands and feet quite stiff, and no silver; and one of them died. The Africans are not accustomed to great cold, so it was no wonder they suffered from trying to get near the snow!

Krapf afterwards saw the mountain himself, and he and Rebmann wrote home and told of the discovery they had made. Everybody was much excited about it. But the learned men said the missionaries had made a mistake; there could not possibly be snow in Africa—it must be something else. Krapf and Rebmann, however, knew that they were right. When they were young men they had travelled among the Alps, and had seen many a snow peak, and they could not be deceived. By-and-by it was proved they were right, for in after years travellers came out and explored the mountain. It was found to be nearly 20,000 feet high—higher than any mountain in Europe. It is not the only snow peak in Africa. Krapf afterwards discovered another, Mount Kenia, but the height of this mountain is not known.

While Krapf wandered over the hills, and plains, and forests, which no white man had trodden before, he was looking forward to the time when the Gospel should be preached in these unknown countries. When in Usambara he used to go behind a large tree to pray that the kingdom of Christ might soon come, and His praises be heard there. To-day there are many Christians in Usambara. He felt he was a *pioneer*, or one who goes before to

REBMANN'S COTTAGE.

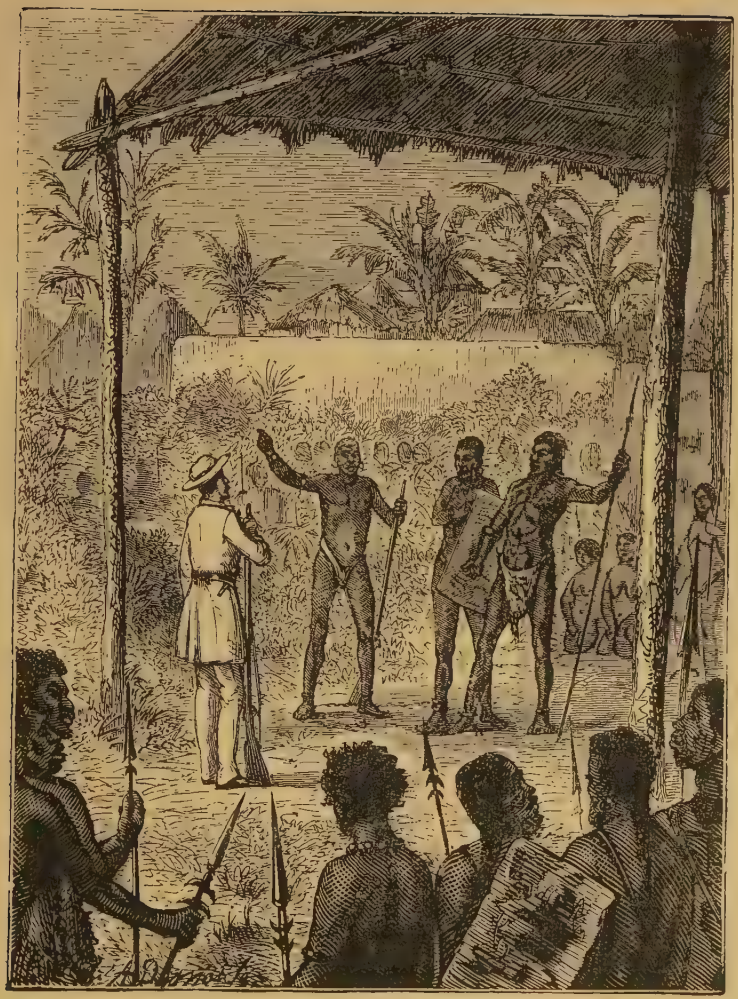
prepare the way. His idea was to have some day a chain of mission stations, not too far off to help one another, which should begin at the coast, and in time stretch across Africa from East to West. But he wanted more helpers. And you may guess how glad he was when two, Erhardt and Wagner, came to join him. But more sorrow came also. Both the new missionaries were laid low with fever, and Wagner died. "For the first time," wrote Krapf, "the Wanika have seen the death and burial of a Chris-

tian, whose joyful hope is in Christ, the Life and the Resurrection." So you see he still kept bright and hopeful!

But he was beginning to feel worn out, for he had now been many years at work, and in the year 1850 he returned to Europe, not only that he might get a little rest, but that he might talk with the committee of the Church Missionary Society about his plans for East Africa. They received him very warmly, and promised to do all they could to help him in these plans. He was sent for by Prince Albert, who had heard of his travels and discoveries, and was much interested in his work. And when he visited Germany he was invited to dine with the King of Prussia, and he met the most famous geographers, who were delighted to hear of all he had seen. He got back to Africa as soon as possible, bringing with him a band of fresh missionaries. But there was more disappointment for him. Some of them left the mission, one died shortly after reaching Rabai, and there were only two left, besides himself and Rebmann, to carry on the work. Still he would not be discouraged, and he soon set out on a journey to Ukambani, hoping to begin a mission station there.

But again he met with trouble and hardship. While he was on a journey with a friendly chief, named Kivoi, the whole party were attacked by robbers, and the chief was killed. The natives ran hither and thither to try and escape, and Krapf, who was already wounded, fell as he was trying to follow them, and hurt himself again. He, however, got beyond reach of the enemy, but his friends were gone, and he was left all alone in the forest. He was without food, and he did not know his way. He wondered for a moment what would become of him. Then he remembered that he was now *one of God's poor*, and that *He* would provide for him.

The first thing he needed was water, for he had had nothing to drink all day, and was very thirsty. Happily a river was near at hand, and when he had drunk all he wanted, he filled the barrels of his gun and the leather case of his telescope with



NATIVE RECEPTION OF THE WHITE MAN.

water, trying to stop the openings with grass. Then he went on in the darkness, stumbling over stones and trunks of trees, but at last he got out into the plain, and now he was so weary that he cut some dry grass to spread over him, and then lay down and went to sleep. In the morning he found nearly all the water gone, but later on in the day he heard the chattering of monkeys, and following the sound he came to some more. But he had nothing to eat except leaves and roots, and he even tried mixing a little gunpowder with them, but he soon found it was a bad thing to eat! Still God watched over him and preserved him from all dangers. He passed four great rhinoceroses feeding behind some bushes, but though they stared at him they did not attempt to come near him.

At length he reached a village of the Wakamba (people of Ukambani). But they said that he was a wicked man because he had not protected the chief Kivoi, and that he ought to be put to death. In the night he managed to escape, and after travelling for several nights and lying hidden all the daytime, he at last reached a place of safety, and got back safe to Rabai about a month after he was lost in the wilderness. You can fancy how weary and exhausted he was, and how thankful to be again in his African home!

Two years more he spent at Rabai, though he made another journey into Usambara. Then he found his health so bad that it was necessary for him to go back to Europe. But during his journey he had heard more about the *great Lake*. Some of the natives said a man might travel for a hundred days and not come to the end of it. After he came back to Europe the missionaries whom he had left at Rabai, Rebmann and Erhardt, collected every bit of information they could get about it from the traders who passed by. And then they set to work and drew a map of the Lake, according to what was told them. This map was sent to Germany, and by-and-by it appeared in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. Then the learned men of the Royal Geographical Society saw it. They were quite amazed at the thought of such

an enormous body of water existing in Africa, and they determined to find out if the thing were true. So two men, Captain Burton and Captain Speke, were sent out to see, and they were the first, after the missionaries, to travel in East Africa.

Now the fact was that there were really *three* great lakes; but as the missionaries always heard of "the Lake," they thought there was *one*, and the map they had drawn was not correct. But it was this map, as well as the discovery of the snow mountains, which first woke people up to take an interest in East Africa, and make fresh discoveries. And these discoveries, in their turn, were the cause of more missionaries being sent out later on, as you will hear in another chapter.

I must now go back to Krapf. After resting for a time he was ready to go out again. But the committee wanted him to visit Abyssinia on his way, and he went through so much fatigue and hardship there that he was unable to go on, and had to come home once more. Later on he paid two more visits to Africa. But he never settled there again. He was too utterly worn out. But at home in Germany he went on working busily, preparing grammars and dictionaries, and translating parts of the Bible into different African languages.

Rebmann, meanwhile, stayed on at Mombasa, and by-and-by he was alone, for Erhardt had to leave on account of his health, and though some other missionaries came out they did not stay at Rabai, but went to work in the islands. He lost his wife too. But he had gathered round him a little band of converts, and one of them, whose name was Isaac Nyondo, took great care of him. Although he grew old and blind, he would not leave the mission until, many years later, in the year 1874, new labourers came to take up the work. Then he went back to his own country, and not long after the Lord called His faithful servant up higher.

Krapf lived on in Germany, busily working, and I shall have something more to say about him in a later chapter. It was not till 1881, when he was more than seventy years old, that God's

SEWING CLASS AT RABAI.

call came for him. He had been talking with a friend about the coming of the Lord, and seemed quite well when he went to his bedroom at night. But the next morning he was found kneeling

ARAB DHOWS.

by the bedside—that is, his body was there; but his work was over, and his spirit had gone to be with the Lord.

Would you like to know something more about the place where Krapf and Rebmann toiled so faithfully? If you were to go to Mombasa, you would see plenty of missionary work going

on. But I think you would like best to cross over the water to the place where stands the grave of Mrs. Krapf and her little one. Not far from this grave you would come to a delightful little town among trees and gardens. This is called Frere Town, and it was named after a good man called Sir Bartle Frere, of whom you will hear in another chapter. Here numbers of poor slaves, who had been set free by English ships, found a refuge. And there is a nice church, and there are schools, and men and women are busy and happy, and visitors who come to this part of the world get a pleasant welcome. Then you might go up the creek in a boat, and mount the hills to Rabai. There you would see more houses and gardens and more people than at Frere Town. On Sunday you would find a crowded church, and if you went to see some of the neighbouring villages you would find African teachers holding services and keeping school. Still farther on—a hundred miles farther—you would come to another mission station, and then another. And besides the stations of the Church Missionary Society, to which Krapf belonged, you would find a station of the Methodists, and another of the Free Church of Scotland. Krapf's "chain" of stations is begun in this direction—and in others too.

And you might meet caravans with Englishmen—sometimes missionaries—going up to the *great Lake* of which Krapf heard before he got to Mombasa. But of that lake, the Victoria Nyanza, I must tell you in another chapter.

WAR TRUMPET.

CHAPTER VI

THE HERO OF CENTRAL AFRICA

I HAVE told you about some of the first men who brought the Gospel of Christ to the people in the southern half of Africa. But you have heard only of what was done in a very small part of the country. Fifty years ago hardly anything was known about South Africa, except those parts which were nearest the sea. The Portuguese had settlements both on the west and east coasts, but they had not been far inland. There were many stations occupied by missionaries, but they were not very far north of the Orange River. Of the country that lay farther on nothing was known. I am going to tell you now about the first man who travelled across the continent from east to west, who found out many of its lakes and rivers, who learned to know the people well, and who roused up all England to care for Africa. This man was David Livingstone.

I daresay you have heard the proverb, "The child is father of the man." An idle boy will hardly make a prosperous man; a dishonest boy will not grow up into an honourable man; a careless boy will not become a successful man. David Livingstone was a steady, honest, and industrious boy. His father was a Scotch working man, living at Blantyre, on the banks of the river Clyde, and when David was only ten years old he went to work in a cotton factory. The first money he earned he brought home to his mother. Next he bought a Latin primer. He was at the

factory from six in the morning till eight o'clock at night, except during meal-time. At eight he went to an evening school; and then he would come home and study up till midnight, unless his mother stopped him.

His parents were godly people, and taught him carefully; but it was not till he was twenty years old that he learned really to know and to love the Saviour who died for him. Then, of course, he wanted to tell others about Him. He was not clever at speaking, and knew he should not make a good preacher. So he determined to study medicine, and become a medical missionary. By working hard he earned enough to pay for his studies, and at length, in the year 1840, when he was twenty-seven years old, the London Missionary Society sent him out to South Africa. He had seen and heard Dr. Moffat speak in England, and so, of course, he was glad to be sent out to Kuruman, Dr. Moffat's station among the Bechuanas, of which I have already told you.

But he did not stay long at Kuruman. Moffat had said to him one day in England: "On a clear morning I have seen in the distance the smoke from a thousand villages, where the people have never heard the Gospel." Livingstone wanted to carry the good news to the distant villages, and at length he settled at a place called Mabotsa. Here he brought his young bride, Mary, the daughter of Robert and Mary Moffat. Mary Livingstone was a brave, devoted woman, and a great help to her husband, who called her "the best spoke in the wheel!" Later on they moved further north, to a place where lived Sechele, chief of the Bakwains. And when a terrible drought came upon the country, and food was scarce, Sechele himself, with his people, moved with the Livingstones still farther, to Kolobeng. Livingstone had first won Sechele's heart by doctoring his sick child. The chief became a firm friend of the missionary, and paid the greatest attention to all he said. One day Livingstone was telling him what the Bible says about the wrath of God against sin, and of future judgment. Sechele exclaimed:

"You startle me; you make all my bones to shake; I have no more strength in me. If your forefathers knew these things long ago, why did they not come and tell ours?"

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

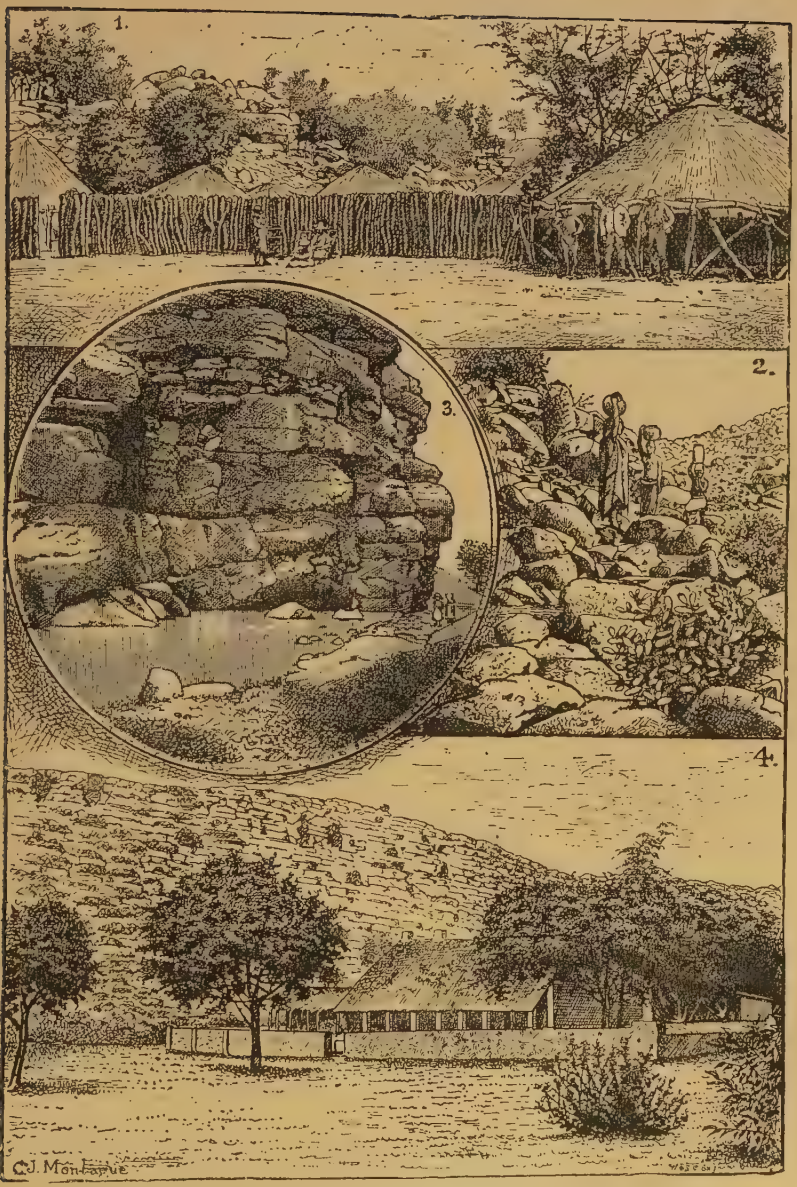
What could Livingstone say? He could only answer, sadly, that in his country people were selfish as well as in Africa.

Sechele afterwards became a Christian, and a teacher of his people.

The missionary and his wife had to do nearly everything for themselves, building, baking, washing, cooking, etc. They had even to make their own candles and their own soap! At the same time they worked hard to teach the people. Mrs. Livingstone taught the women and girls, and the people all became very fond of her. They called her Ma-Robert, after the name of her eldest child, just as her own mother was called Ma-Mary, the mother of Mary. Altogether the Livingstones had six children, three boys and three girls. But one of the girls, little Elizabeth, died when only six months old.

You will not wonder that the people loved Livingstone too, for he not only taught them and helped the sick, but was ready to risk his life for any one who was suffering. One day a messenger came to his house in hot haste; he had run eight or ten miles to fetch Livingstone. A poor man who was hunting in the forest had been frightfully wounded by a rhinoceros, and his companions could do nothing for him. Night was coming on, and everybody said that if Livingstone went through that forest by night he would certainly be killed himself by the wild beasts. He paid no attention to them, but set off at once. When he reached the place the wounded man was already dead, and his companions were gone, so the missionary had to ride back alone through the dangerous forest.

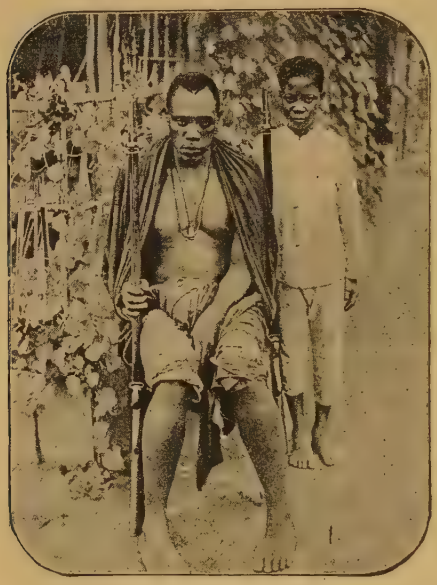
I think most of you must have heard the story of how Livingstone was once attacked by a lion, but I will tell it again for those who have not. Lions do not always attack men in Africa, but they kill cows whenever they can get them. At Mabotsa the people had lost many of their cows in this way, and they knew that if they could manage to kill one lion, the others would soon take themselves off. Livingstone went with them to try and kill one, but the people were not very brave, and they let the lions get away. However, as they were going home, Livingstone looked



MOLEPOLOLE SKETCHES.

(1) Chief's Court Yard. (2) Road from Mission House to the Town.
(3) Rocks behind Mission House. (4) Mission House.

up, and there on a rock thirty yards off sat a lion! He fired, but the lion, who was wounded, not killed, sprang upon him, seized him by the shoulder, and shook him "as a terrier does a rat." Strange to say, that shake took away all feeling of fear. One of the natives fired at the lion, but missed, and the creature immediately left Livingstone and sprang upon his new enemy. Another man tried to spear the lion, but he was seized in his turn by the desperate animal, and must have been badly hurt but that it suddenly dropped down dead. Livingstone's arm was badly wounded and the bone crushed. He never entirely recovered the use of it, and could hardly lift it to a level with his shoulder.



A MAKOLOLO.

A long way to the north of Bechuana Land lived a great chief called Sebituane, head of the tribe of Makololo. Livingstone had often heard of this man, and wanted to visit him and see whether his country would be a good place for missionaries to settle in. He knew the journey would be a difficult one, for part of the road lay through the great Kalahari Desert. But Livingstone was not a man to be stopped by difficulties. He had, however, to attempt the journey three times before he reached the country of the Makololo. On the first journey he and two English sportsmen who went with him suffered a good deal from want of water. What was their delight when they came at last to a beautiful river, which led to a large lake! This was Lake Ngami, which is seventy

miles round. The discovery of Lake Ngami made Livingstone's name famous at once, though he discovered much larger ones later on.

At last, on his third journey, Livingstone, with his family, reached Linyanti, where Sebituane lived. The chief proved to be wise, large-hearted, and friendly. He had long wanted to see the white man, but, sad to say, he was seized with illness, and died a fortnight after Livingstone's arrival! In that short time they had got very fond of one another, and Livingstone mourned deeply for the chief. Everything was now in such disorder at Linyanti that it would have been little use to begin a mission, so Livingstone determined to go on farther. He did not want to take his wife and children into unknown dangers; and he found it would not be safe for them to stay at Kolobeng with Sechele, for the Boers in the neighbourhood were very angry because he had taught Sechele and his people, and threatened to attack the place. Later on they did attack Kolobeng, and either stole or destroyed all the stores that Livingstone had left there—books, medicines, and many other things. But I am glad to tell you in the end Sechele was strong enough to prevent their doing any more damage, and by-and-by some good German missionaries settled in the country, and the Boers were not jealous of them, as they had been of the English.

Meanwhile Livingstone had taken his family to the Cape, whence they set sail for England. It must have been a hard parting, for they loved one another dearly. But the missionary was willing to bear it for Christ's sake, that he might make Christ known in Africa. In his journal he wrote this prayer,—

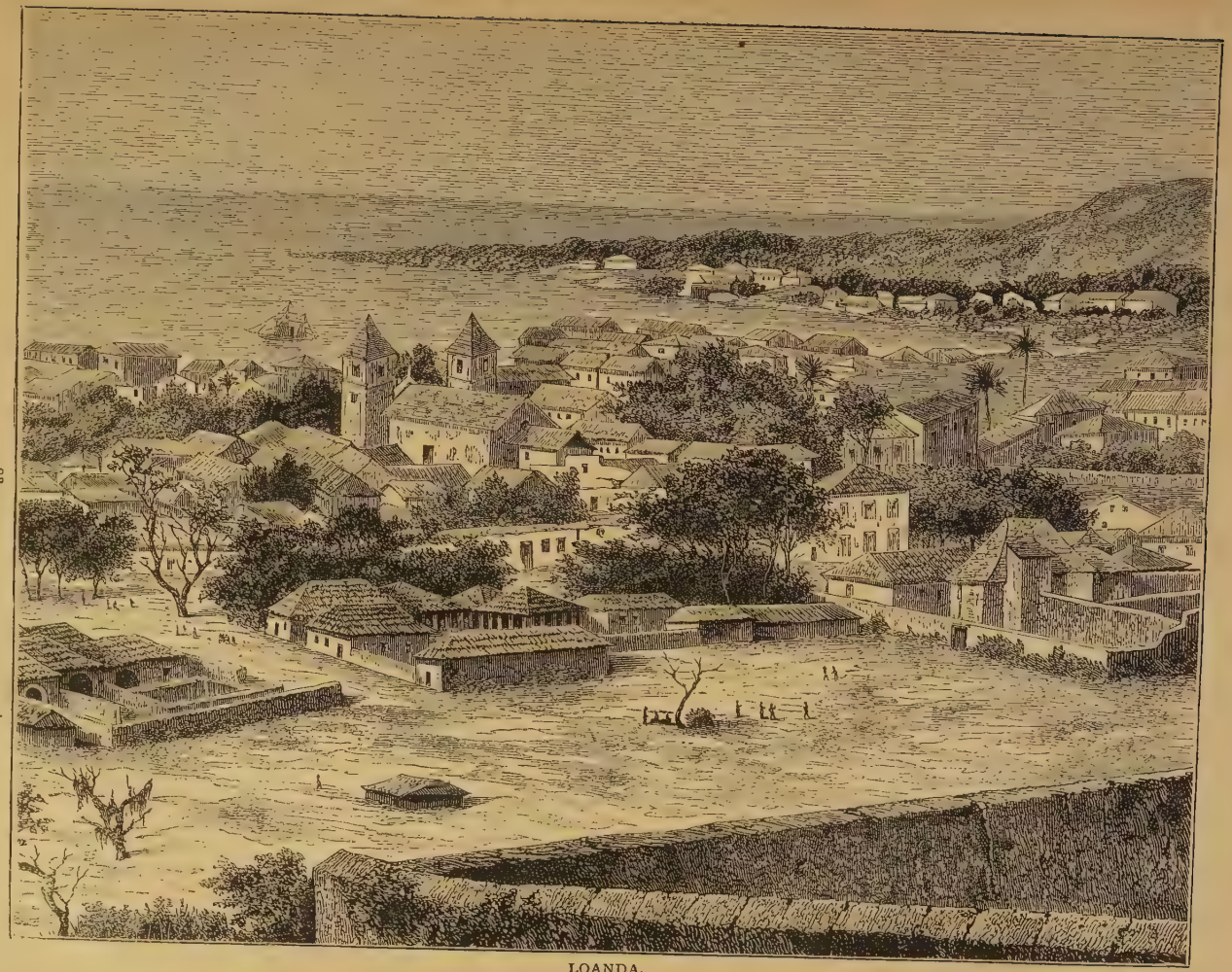
"O Jesus! fill me with Thy love, and, I beseech Thee, accept me, and use me a little for Thy glory."

He now returned to Linyanti, and found that Sebituane's son, Sekeletu, a young man of eighteen, had succeeded his father. Livingstone stayed here for a time and preached the Gospel. But he wanted other tribes to hear it also. He knew many more missionaries were needed, and he felt that the first thing to be done was

to find out more about the country, to see where healthy places might be found for them to settle; and, above all, to discover a good road to the sea. He determined first to make his way across to the west coast.

Sekeletu and his people took a great interest in the journey, because they thought it would be a good thing to have a road to the sea, and be able to trade with the white men at the coast. Several of the Makololo went with Livingstone, and proved very faithful to him. Would you like to hear what luggage the missionary took? A small tent, a horse-rug for a bed, and a sheep-skin for a blanket, some square tin boxes in which were packed a little clothing, a few biscuits, tea and sugar, medicine, a Bible and almanack, and mathematical instruments, and besides twenty pounds of beads for presents to the people as he passed, for you know Africans are very fond of beads. The party had eight hundred miles to travel, partly in canoes when the way led by a river, and partly on ox-back. They met with many difficulties; sometimes they could hardly get any food, sometimes the people through whose countries they passed threatened to attack them. Then there were thick forests and dangerous swamps to cross, and Livingstone became ill several times with fever from getting wet through. His riding ox, too, was troublesome, and threw him off and kicked him. But he trusted in God, and never lost heart. At last, after six months, the party saw in the distance something the Makololo had never looked upon before—the blue waters of the sea! You can fancy how the sight delighted Livingstone. But the Makololo were overcome with surprise. "All at once the world said to us, I am finished, there is no more of me!" was the way they described it. Livingstone entered the Portuguese town of Loanda, ragged, weary, and worn almost to a skeleton. But the whole party were very kindly received by the people there, and the missionary was soon in a comfortable bed in the house of an Englishman who lived in the place.

There was an English ship in the harbour of Loanda, and the



LOANDA.

English officers asked Livingstone to go back to England with them. After all he had passed through it would have been very, very pleasant to get a sight of home again, and above all to see his dear wife and children. But he would not leave his men to go back to Linyanti alone. He knew too well the dangers of the way. So after they had rested at Loanda for a time they started to return to Linyanti, the Makololo eager to show the presents they had received, and tell of the wonderful things they had seen.

Livingstone had already seen something of the horrible trade in slaves, carried on in so many parts of Africa. Gangs of these poor creatures had passed him, chained together, with forked sticks fastened round their necks, carrying heavy loads of ivory to the coast, where both ivory and slaves—as many as were still alive!—were to be sold. More than half died on the way, sometimes from the hardships they suffered, but sometimes, especially the children, of a broken heart! They would keep up for a time, and then thinking of the home from which they had been torn they would begin to sob and weep, till they sank down exhausted and died. Livingstone saw more horrors on his long journeys, and his heart was full of grief and pity. He felt more than ever anxious to make the country known to white men, so that these cruelties might be stopped. He did not stay long at Linyanti, but soon set out again for the east coast. Again a band of Makololo accompanied him, and Sekeletu himself went part of the way.

They travelled along the banks of the river Zambesi, and here Livingstone made another of his great discoveries. He had heard before from the natives of a wonderful waterfall. They called it "smoke that sounds," which you will think an odd name. Livingstone understood it when he saw the place. Just where the river is flowing grandly along, over half a mile wide, there comes a fissure, or rent, in the rocks that form its bed, and over goes the whole mass of water into a narrow chasm from which

there is but a small outlet. The water as it leaps down seethes and roars and throws great columns of white vapour up into the air to the height of two or three hundred feet. No wonder the Makololo called it "smoke that sounds!" The steam which shoots up into the air comes down again in the form of rain, and waters the banks, so that they are covered with luxuriant green. The natives asked Livingstone if he had in his own country anything like "smoke that sounds," and he confessed there was no such sight to be seen. He named the place after the Queen, Victoria Falls.

IN CAMP.

The journey to the east coast was even more difficult than the one Livingstone had taken to the west. The oxen were killed by the poisonous tsetse-fly; no canoes could be had; and what was more, the natives constantly tried to stop the travellers going farther. Some of them asked Livingstone who he was. "I am a Lekoa," he answered; "Lekoa" being the name given to Englishmen by the Bechuana. "We don't know that people," they replied; "we think you must be a Muzungu." Now Muzungu was their

name for a white man, but the only white men they knew were Portuguese, and with them they had been fighting. Finally they were convinced that Livingstone did not belong to the tribe of their enemies. "He must," they said, "belong to the tribe that loves the black man." Certainly Livingstone loved "the black man"!

At last he reached the Portuguese settlement at Tete. There he left the Makololo, who promised to wait until he should come back again, and went on to the part of Quilimane, whence he took ship for England. In two years he had been right across Africa, the first man who had ever made such a journey!

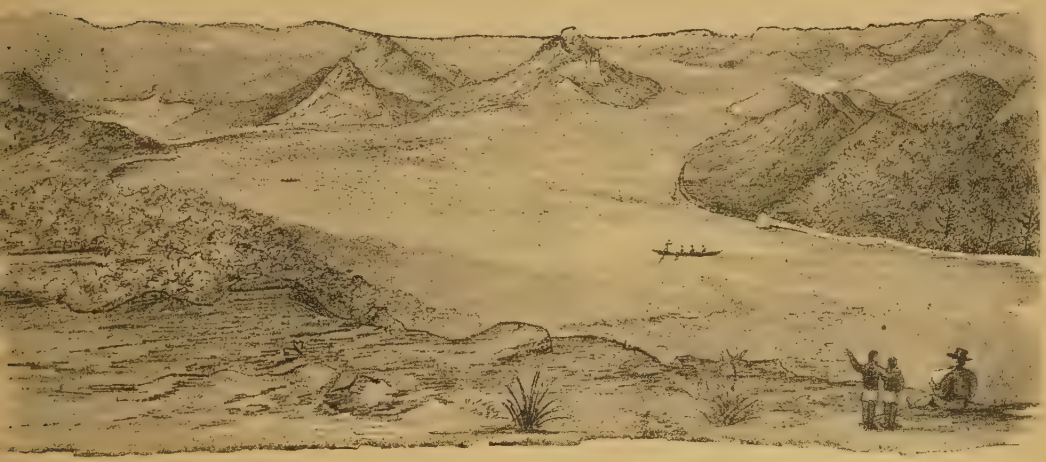
All England was anxious to see the man who had travelled where no European had been before, and all sorts of honours were showered upon him. Meetings were held to receive him. The Royal Geographical Society presented him with their gold medal. The University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., and that of Glasgow made him an LL.D. So from this time we must call him "Dr." Livingstone. He even had an interview with the Queen herself. He was very pleased with this, because in Africa the natives would ask him, "Have you seen your chief (that is, king or queen)"? and seemed surprised when he answered "No." You may be sure his old home on the Clyde was not forgotten, though his dear father and mother had passed away before his return. At Glasgow he spoke to the cotton-spinners, and told them what a grand thing hard work was, reminding them that the Lord Jesus Himself had been poor, and had worked as a carpenter. He was very pleased with a little present sent him by some boys in a Ragged School in the North of England, and wrote a letter to their schoolmaster to thank them. He said he would have gone himself to see them, but the time was short, and he wanted to get back to his "poor Africans," the Makololo whom he had left at Tete. I think you would like to read what he went on to say to the boys:

"I would just commend them all to the care of the blessed Lord Jesus, and ask them to try Him as their Friend and Guide

through life. They may make Him their confidant, for He listens to every prayer. . . . He is as tender and compassionate to every one of them, and knows all their cases and cares, as if they were the only persons in the world. And then, if they are like Him, they will all show love to every one about them, and to everything beautiful and good and true."

You see he could write to boys in a Ragged School as well as make wonderful discoveries in Africa!

Part of his time in England was taken up in writing an



THE ZAMBESI.

account of his travels. Everybody wanted to read about them, and the book sold so well that he, who had been a poor man, had now a little fortune with which to provide for his children, and also money to spend on Missionary work. Only fifteen months were spent in England, and then he was off again! He was not sent out this time by the London Missionary Society, but by the Government, as leader of an expedition to explore the river Zambesi. Then did he stop being a missionary? Not at all. But

he felt that God had called him to do work different from that of most missionaries. He was to find out all he could about Africa and make a road for the Gospel there. When he said good-bye to the Directors of the Society, he said to them:

"I go to open the door to Central Africa. It is possible I may die there; but I pray you, see to it that the door is never closed again."

So, though he went out as an explorer, he let it be known why he did so. You will see if he was right!

In the next six years Livingstone made several fresh discoveries. He found a beautiful river called the Shiré, flowing into the Zambesi. He thought the great Lake of which he had heard in those parts must be where the river began, and he asked the natives how much farther it was. The natives said the river went on a very, very long way, and came out at last between two enormous rocks. But they thought the river and the Lake were one! The Lake was really not very far off, but Livingstone came to another waterfall, or rather a series of waterfalls, to which he gave the name of the "Murchison Cataracts," after the great geographer, Sir Roderick Murchison. Of course he could take his boat no further. This boat was a little steam-launch, which he called the *Ma-Robert*, after his wife. But the launch was not worthy of its name, and turned out a very bad boat! He was determined, however, to find the Lake, so he went on by land, and at last he stood upon the shores of this great inland sea—the Nyassa—which no European had seen before.

Between the river Shiré and a smaller Lake Livingstone had found a beautiful country, healthier than most parts of Africa, where the ground rose up high above the river bank, and stretched away, ridge after ridge, for many miles. It was a fertile land, too, full of fruits and flowers, and there was plenty of food to be had. Here, he thought, was the very place for missionaries to settle, and when a party came out from England, sent from the Universities, he took them up the Shiré to this

country. What happened to them there I must tell you in another chapter.

Afterwards he went down to the coast to meet his wife, who had come out from England to join him. How glad they must have been to be together again! But only three months after, when they were going up the river, Mrs. Livingstone was taken ill with fever, and died at a place called Shupanga. She was buried under a large baobab tree, and a white cross marks her grave. This was a dreadful blow to Livingstone. But he tried to forget his own sorrow in thinking of the sufferings of the poor slaves who were caught in this part of the country in thousands and driven down to the coast, carrying ivory. The road they went was marked by the skeletons of those who fell down and died by the way. And Livingstone felt he could never rest, nor think about himself, until he had really done something to stop these awful things.

You will want to know if he ever went back with his Makololo to their own country. Some of them preferred to stay where they were, but others went back with him, and once more he saw Sekeletu, and gave God's message to him from the Bible very solemnly. It is sad to think that Sekeletu, though he liked Livingstone, cared little about the message. Livingstone having opened the way, the London Missionary Society sent a party of missionaries there to teach the people of Christ. But the chief was not kind to them. Some of them died of fever, and the others were attacked and robbed by the people, and the mission had to be given up. Afterwards Sekeletu died, the people began to quarrel among themselves, their enemies in the neighbourhood attacked and conquered them, and there was an end of the once powerful tribe! Other tribes round about, who saw what happened, said:

"Let the missionaries alone! The Makololo injured the missionaries; and where are the Makololo?"

It must have been a great sorrow to Livingstone to hear the

sad news. But though the Makololo had rejected the message of God, others were ready to hear it, and the one missionary who survived, Mr. Price, settled with some others who came out at a place called Shoshong, where the work flourished.

In 1864 the great explorer came to England again, and wrote the account of his travels on the Zambesi. Two years later he started once more for Africa, never again to return! He now made more discoveries. He explored the shores of Lake Nyassa, and also of Tanganyika, further north, which had been discovered by Captains Burton and Speke. He also found out two new lakes, Moero, and Bangweolo, and made careful observations about the course of the rivers, because he knew all this would be of use to those who should come after him, especially to missionaries. But all his work was done in the midst of much suffering. He was constantly ill from the hardships and fatigues he went through. And one day his medicine chest was stolen, so that he could get no medicine to relieve his pain. Then some of his men behaved very badly, and he had to send them back to the coast. Some others, who came from an island called Johanna, ran away. Friends in England began to be anxious at getting no letters from him, when, suddenly, one day the news came that he was dead! The Johanna men said they had seen him killed in a fight with some natives, and had buried him. Some people believed the story. But an expedition was sent out to find whether it was true, and then it turned out that the men had told a falsehood.

Still no news came. And Livingstone was wandering in Africa with a few faithful followers, his stores nearly exhausted. He came to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, hoping to find some fresh supplies that he had asked for. The Arab who brought them had sold them all for next to nothing before he came! What could he do now? God had provided for his need, though he did not know it.

One of his faithful men, called Susi, came running one day to him saying an Englishman was come! Livingstone looked up in wonder, and saw quite a large caravan approaching, porters carrying

loads, and in front of all the American flag. Then a white man

CARRYING LIVINGSTONE'S BODY TO THE COAST.

appeared, and Livingstone stepped forward to meet him. The

missionary was pale, and worn, and shabbily dressed; the stranger looked young, and bright, and strong. It was Henry Stanley, who had been sent out by the owner of an American newspaper in order to *find Livingstone*. How glad was Stanley to find him! And how glad was Livingstone to meet this "friend in need." Stanley supplied all his wants, took care of him, and nursed him till he grew stronger, and then both made a journey together on the shores of the Lake.

Then Stanley asked Livingstone to go home with him. But the missionary answered, "No; my work is not yet done." There were more things which he was anxious to find out. So Stanley left him a good supply of stores, and then started to come home and bring the news.

Livingstone toiled and journeyed on. But at last he grew so weak and ill that he could walk no longer. His men managed to make a litter in which they carried him; and so, in great suffering, he reached a place called Ilala, south of Lake Bangweolo. He had medicine now; but it was too late; his strength was gone His men had put up a comfortable tent for him and made a fire. He bade them good-night and they left him, all but a boy, who remained close at hand to wait upon him. Early in the morning the boy rushed in to Susi and Chuma, and begged them to come and look at their master. He was kneeling by his bed with his arms stretched forward. "He has not moved all night," said the boy. Then they found that he was dead. His work was done, and his spirit had passed away to be with the Lord!

Great was the grief of his followers at losing their dear master. They determined to do what they could to preserve the body, so that they could carry it to the coast. One of them knew how to do this. But his heart they buried at Ilala, and one of the "Nasik boys" (Africans trained at Nasik, in India, under the Church Missionary Society) read the burial service. His name was Jacob Wainwright. He was once telling a friend all about it, and the friend asked: "What did you do when the burial service was over?" "Then," said Jacob, "we cried a great deal!"

The brave fellows made a case for their master's body out of the bark of a tree, and then they took the precious burden on their shoulders, and tramped with it a thousand miles to the coast. From the coast it was taken to England, and Jacob Wainwright was brought there too by a friend, that he might attend the funeral.

In Westminster Abbey, among the tombs of many of England's greatest men, they buried David Livingstone. On his tomb are inscribed some of the last words he wrote about the slave-trade.

"May the blessing of heaven come down on any who will help to heal this open sore of the world." And also the words of the Lord Jesus Himself:

"*Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring.*"

And his work? Did that come to an end? Oh no! It is going on to this day. England has never been able to forget Africa. We have not done all we ought to have done, but there are many English men and women working among these poor oppressed people who might never have gone out of it had it not been for Livingstone. You will hear more about this in other chapters.

ENCAMPMENT IN THE DESERT.

AFRICAN CHIEF'S HOUSE

CHAPTER VII

HEROES OF THE SHIRÉ HIGHLANDS

HAVE you ever been to Oxford, or to Cambridge? If you have not seen these towns I dare say you have often heard of them. And perhaps you know what it is that makes them more interesting than many larger towns in England. It is because of the two Universities which have had their home there for numbers of years. A University is a place where young men go after they have left school and want to spend a few more years in study. The best teachers are found there, and most of our great and learned men have studied at one of the Universities.

Now the more a man knows and understands the more good he ought to do in the world. When God gives a boy—or a girl—talent, and strength, and opportunity to learn, He means that boy—or that girl—to use these things for His service, in doing good to others. And when the great Dr. Livingstone, after seeing the ignorance and the misery of many of the poor Africans, came home to England, and visited Oxford and Cambridge, he

thought how much the men of these Universities might do for Africa!

So he told them of the sad condition of the Africans, and how greatly they needed the Gospel. And then, when he bade them farewell, he said:

"I go back to Africa to make a way for Christianity. You must carry out the work I have begun."

The men who heard these words could not forget them. They determined that something should be done. So Oxford and Cambridge joined together, and with them the Universities of Dublin and Durham, and formed "The Universities' Mission to Central Africa." Money was collected, and men were found to go out as missionaries. And so it came to pass that, in the year 1861, a little party found themselves at the mouth of the river Zambesi, ready to go up into the interior.

The leader of the party was a Cambridge man who had been already working in South Africa, at Natal. His name was Charles Frederick Mackenzie. He wanted to spend his life in Christ's service, and he was not afraid of going into an unknown country among strange and savage people. Before he started he was made Bishop. Five others were with him, two clergymen and three laymen. And with the party was Dr. Livingstone himself.

Where were they going? I told you how Livingstone, on one of his journeys, found the beautiful country which we call the "Shiré Highlands." He thought this the very place for the missionary party, and he went with them to choose a spot where they should settle and begin their work. Out of the broad river Zambesi, with its grass-grown islands, its hippopotami and crocodiles, they passed into the beautiful Shiré, where mountains rose up behind the river bank, and all around was lovely. At the feet of Mount Morambala, where the boat, the *Pioneer*, stopped one night, they hardly wanted to go to bed, so beautiful was the sight as the sun sank below the horizon, and the moon rose in all her glory over the water.

"We sat and talked," wrote one of the party, "of the work we had before us, and sang hymns of praise to the Giver of all good."

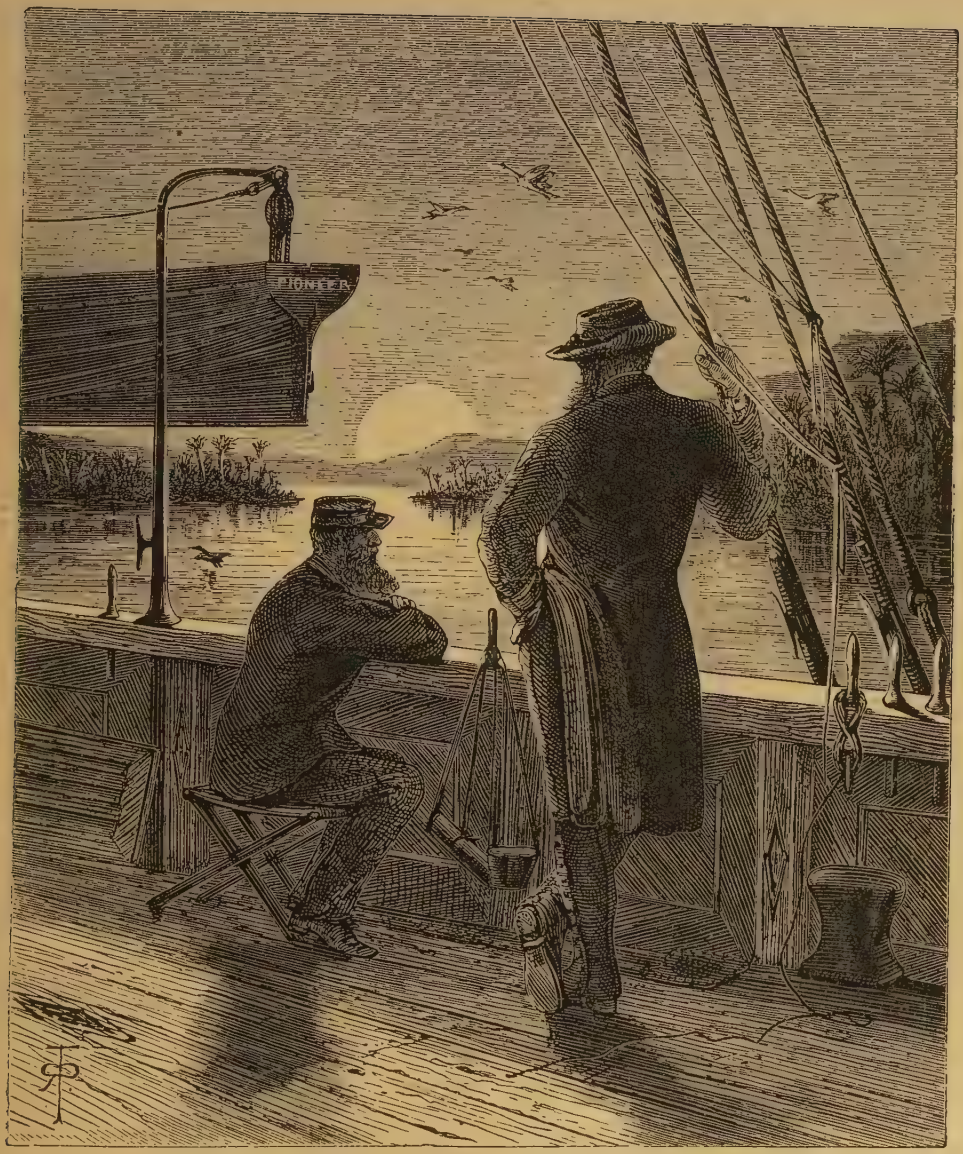
As they went up the river the people rushed out of their huts to see them, and some climbed upon the ant-hills, which are often fifteen or twenty feet high, that they might have a better view. The missionaries were not the first white men they had ever seen, as Livingstone had been this way before, so they were not afraid of them.

Farther on the voyage was less pleasant. There were many marshes on either side; the water in the river got lower, and the boat could hardly move on. Every now and then it stuck on a sandbank, and they had hard work to get it off again. At length they stopped at a village where the chief man of the country lived. This man said they were welcome to settle in his land, but he did not want them near his own village! They did not want to stay there, and they went on to the village of another chief, called Chibisa, who was really more powerful than the first. Chibisa was very friendly, and said they might build in his village. So they built some huts to keep their stores in, but most of the party went on farther on foot, and toiled up the steep hills which rise above the river, and which form the "Shiré Highlands."

Dr. Livingstone went on in front with two companions. As they climbed the hills they met a long train of slaves coming down, bound together with leather thongs, and forked sticks fastened round their necks. The Englishmen were indignant at the sight, and so frightened the slave-drivers that they ran away! Then Livingstone cut the thongs and set the poor slaves free, and gave them food. At first they could not understand this kind treatment. One little boy went up to the Doctor, and said,—

"Where do you come from? These people starved us; but *you* say, 'Cook food and eat.' Where *do* you come from?"

When the Bishop and his party came up they found the



BISHOP MACKENZIE ON THE SHIRÉ.

rescued people cooking and eating. After their meal they were told they were free to go where they liked. But they said they had no homes to go to, and begged to stay with the Englishmen. So the Bishop took them on with his party.

At last they reached a place far up among the hills called Magomero. The chief of the place was very willing to have them settle here, and gave them a piece of land just where two streams met. Unfortunately Magomero, though it was high up, stood in a hollow, with hills rising all round it, and it turned out not to be a healthy place. Here the people put up huts, and planted gardens, and made quite a little village of their own. A good-sized hut was built for the Bishop, who worked at it as hard as the rest. It was nine feet across and ten high, and had a grass thatch. But when it was finished some more poor slaves who had been rescued were put into it, until another place was made for them. At last their huts were ready, and then the missionary party moved into the Bishop's hut, and thought they should now be quite comfortable. But Mr. Rowley, who wrote the story of all that happened, says that one night he woke up and found the floor covered with puddles, one of his companions sitting up in bed with an umbrella, and the Bishop himself looking half-troubled, half-amused! The rain was coming in through the roof of which they had been so proud.

The missionaries had plenty to do. One had to look after the supply of provisions, another to act as doctor. Then they had to build, to cultivate the ground, and to study the language, besides looking after the people they had brought there. These people were not easy to manage. They had little idea of right and wrong. One day some of them were found shelling peas. The peas had not come from their own gardens, but had been stolen from the village near. It was difficult to make them understand anything about God, about His will and His way, for the missionaries as yet knew so little of the language. The boys were drilled, and all the children taught to sing, and—what was very

important—to do as they were told. The Bishop worked as hard as any one. He might be seen with a number of little ones round him trying to show them the difference between A and B. All the children loved him. One poor deaf and dumb child, whom he had sheltered and wrapped in his own blanket, used to follow him about, and would stand at the gate when he was away, watching for him to come home.

But there were many troubles. The people among whom they lived, a tribe called Manganja, seemed gentle and peaceful, but they lived in perpetual fear of another tribe, called Yao, who had come to the Shiré Highlands because they had been driven out of their own country. The Yao were braver and stronger than the Manganja, and often attacked them, and sold those whom they took prisoners to the Portuguese for slaves. The Manganja were really no better, for if ever *they* got the victory they did the same thing with the Yao prisoners. While this constant fighting was going on day after day the people cared little to plant or to sow, because they might lose all the fruits of their labour. The consequence was that food got very scarce. The missionary party found it very difficult to get all they needed for their large family, and other needy people were continually coming to them for help. Mr. Rowley at last begged Bishop Mackenzie to take in no more, as he could not tell how to provide for them. But one day fifty hungry, starving women and children came and begged for refuge and help.

"Look at them!" said the Bishop; "look at them, and see if you can refuse them!"

At length some one had to go down to the river to bring up fresh stores, which, it was hoped, would be coming for them in the *Pioneer*. There were other missionaries, too, on their way to join the party, and also two ladies—Miss Mackenzie, the Bishop's sister, and Mrs. Burrup, wife of one of the first party. So the Bishop and Mr. Burrup went down to meet them. They reached the river in safety, and took canoes to go down it. The

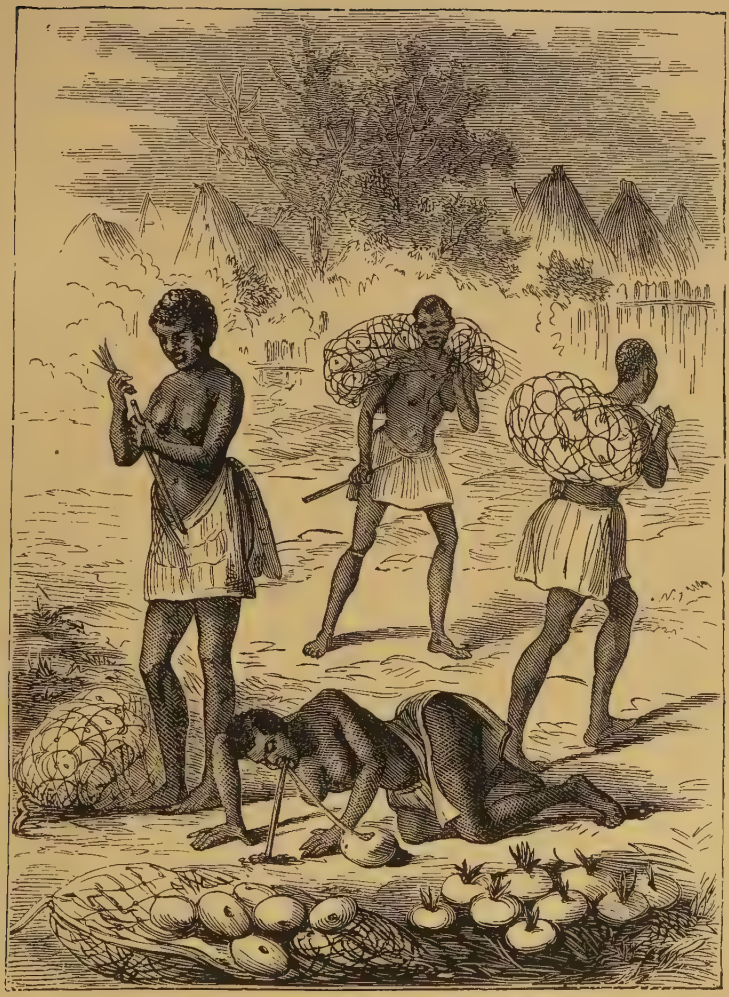
boatmen were not skilful. They first got the canoe stranded on the bank, and had some trouble to drag it off again. Then they ran it against a point of land where the stream divided, and nearly upset it. Missionaries and boatmen had to jump out and pull the boat to land, but the things in it were soaked through, and many things had fallen into the river. An hour was spent in trying to fish them up, but the Bishop and Mr. Burrup lost some of their clothing, and their medicine besides. Wet and shivering they got into the boat again and went on to the nearest village, where the chief said they might wait till their friends arrived. But the Bishop was soon unconscious with fever, and Mr. Burrup almost too ill to help him. The natives fancy the spirit of a dead man haunts the place where he died, and they shut up a hut for three years after there has been a death in it. So, as the Bishop grew worse, Mr. Burrup had to carry him to another hut, about which the chief cared less. He talked of his sisters, but the last thing he said was, that "Jesus was coming to fetch him away."

And so, after less than a year's work in the Shiré Highlands, Charles Mackenzie was taken home to be with the Lord. Among the last things written in his journal were these two texts,—

"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 39). "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things" (Rom. x. 15).

You see sickness and death could not harm him, for they could not separate him from Christ. And though he laboured only a little while in Africa, and seemed to have done no great work, his going-out was "beautiful" in the eyes of the Lord. And beautiful in the eyes of others too. For many followed him, and sought to tread in his footsteps.

Weak and ill as Mr. Burrup was, he managed, with the help



DRAWING AND CARRYING WATER IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

of the boatmen, to dig the grave, under a large acacia tree, and later on Captain Wilson, of the *Pioneer*, put up a cross over it. Mr. Burrup was taken up the river again, and carried back to Magomero. And soon the party there, who in their deep grief at losing their leader had still tried to go on bravely with their work, had to lose another friend, for Mr. Burrup was also taken. And so not only down by the river, but at Magomero also, there was a Christian grave, a grave of one who counted not his life dear that he might bring the Gospel of Christ to the perishing heathen.

The rest of the party did not remain long at Magomero. War and famine obliged them to leave, and they came down to the river and stayed for a time in Chibisa's village. But the famine grew worse, and their supplies less and less. Two more of the party, cheery Mr. Scudamore, and brave Mr. Dickenson, the doctor, died, and were buried near Chibisa's village. And when a new Bishop came out to take charge of the Mission, he decided that, for the present at least, work in the Shiré Highlands must be given up, and another place chosen instead. What followed in the Mission you shall hear in the next chapter.

But what was to become of the people whom the missionaries had rescued from slavery, and who were still at Magomero? They were in sad grief when they found the missionaries were going away. There would be no one, they said, to protect them, and prevent them being sold again for slaves. But they were not left uncared for. Brave Mr. Waller was bold enough to ask the great Yao chief, who had been the enemy of the Mission, to come and have a talk with him. The chief came, and Mr. Waller made friends with him, and asked him to take these poor people under his care, and see that no harm happened to them. The chief promised to do so, and he kept his word. But a few of the children were brought away and sent to the Cape to be taught, and one little girl, whom Bishop Mackenzie himself had rescued, became teacher in a school there.

For several years no missionary came to the Shiré Highlands. But the graves up at Magomero and down by the riverside were not forgotten. Many Christian people longed to see the Gospel of

BLANTYRE CHURCH.

(*From Photo by* Mr. Fred Moir.)

Christ preached there, and at length the time came when the feet of His messengers were once more to be seen upon the hills. I am going to tell you about some of these.

At the time that Dr. Livingstone died, there was a young man

living and working out in the Australian "bush" or forest. He was called Henry Henderson. Like Livingstone, he was a Scotchman, and his father was a country minister. While he was out in the "bush" he began to think he was living only for himself, and the wish arose in his heart to do something for others, above all for the Saviour who died for him. He came back to Scotland, and there, one day taking up a missionary paper, he saw that a man was wanted to go out to Africa, and prepare the way for a missionary settlement. "That is the very thing," he thought, "that I can do; I have been accustomed to rough it, to sleep out of doors, and travel through lonely ways, and bear hunger and thirst; and though I am not clever at teaching or preaching, I can do *that*."

But who wanted to send out the Mission? It was the Established Church of Scotland that had asked for a man such as Henderson. The various Churches of Scotland had been roused up by the death of Livingstone, and they determined to do something for the great continent for which he had given his life. They joined together to send out an expedition to Lake Nyassa, and find out suitable places where missionaries might be sent. You remember that when Livingstone first visited Lake Nyassa he went up the Shiré river, but his boat was stopped by the "Murchison Cataracts," and he had to go the rest of the way by land. Now the Scotch Churches determined to send out a steamer to the Lake. But how was it to be got there? It could steam up the Zambesi, and then up the Shiré, but it must stop at the cataracts.

They built their steamer, and called it the *Ilala*, after the place where Livingstone died. But it was built so that it could be taken to pieces when necessary, and afterwards put together again. Then they gave it in charge to Mr. Young, who had been in the Royal Navy. Mr. Young had also been in Africa once, with Livingstone, so he was a very fit man to be leader of the expedition. The *Ilala* steamed safely up the Zambesi, and then up the Shiré. On their way the party visited the graves of those

who had died for the work of Christ on these rivers—that of Mary Livingstone under the baobab tree at Shupanga, of Bishop Mackenzie farther up, and, still farther, the graves of Dickenson and Scudamore at Chibisa's village. At last they reached the cataracts, and now the vessel could go no farther. She was taken to pieces, and a number of native porters were engaged, who carried these pieces, as well as all that the vessel contained, sixty miles overland until the cataracts were passed. Then the *Ilala* was put together again, the party got on board, and before long the first steamer ever seen in that neighbourhood was on the waters of the Lake. The people on the shore were accustomed to see Arab boats with sails, too often laden with slaves, passing round the Lake, but this new and strange boat with no sails and no oars seemed a marvellous thing. The white men invited some of the chiefs to come on board and take a trip in the vessel, but only one or two had the courage to do so.

The party belonging to the Free Church of Scotland chose a place on the shores of the lake. But Mr. Henderson preferred to return back to the Shiré Highlands. There were wars still going on there, but though it was many years since Bishop Mackenzie's party had left the place, the people had not forgotten the Englishmen who had been so kind to all the oppressed and suffering, and they received Mr. Henderson in a very friendly manner. Carefully he explored the country till he found a beautiful spot for a mission station. It was high up above the river, as high as Magomero, and much more healthy. Then he went down to the river to bring up his party of missionaries. At first they felt disappointed that they were not to go on to Lake Nyassa, but they soon saw that Mr. Henderson had made a wise choice. The place was named Blantyre, after the name of Livingstone's birthplace.

While the missionaries were beginning work at Blantyre, building their huts, planting gardens, making roads, and learning the language, there was another young Scotchman, called John Bowie, studying at Edinburgh. He had no thought then of becoming a

missionary. He was a bright, lively young fellow, full of fun. You would have laughed if you could have seen him having a game with his sisters, whom he loved dearly, and perhaps you would have liked to join the game! But as they grew older I am not sure you would have liked it *all*, for John used to bring the new medicines he was learning about, and make his sisters try them! And they used to stand facing the light while he examined their eyes. They loved their brother dearly and enjoyed it all! But by and by one of his sisters married Mr. Scott and went out with him to Blantyre. Noble work they did there, and when they came home on a visit, John, who was now Dr. Bowie, was so interested in all they told him that he determined to go too with his young wife. Not long after the other sister was married to Mr. Henderson, who had also come home on a visit. So soon there were three of one family working at Blantyre, Mrs. Scott, Dr. Bowie, and Mrs. Henderson.

The work was hard, but they did not mind that! The ladies acted as laundry-women, charwomen, bakers, and cooks, and enjoyed it all. Then they had sixty African girls to take care of and teach, and it was a difficult matter to stow them away at night, for they had no beautiful large "Home" for them to live in. Mrs. Henderson said they had to "pack them in at night and unpack them again in the morning!" How to clothe them all was another difficulty, the clothes so soon got worn out! The ladies sewed hard for the boys as well as the girls. For several days they made one shirt each a day, until they had enough for all the boys. Mr. Henderson was as busy as his wife. Whatever was wanted people came to him for it, and the natives called him "the man who never sleeps."

Then the doctor set up a hospital. Can you guess what it was like? It was just a long mud house, with mud floor, three rooms with windows and doors, but no beds! Very queer nurses, too, came to attend the patients. When a sick man was taken into the hospital he brought his father and mother, and sometimes his

other relations too, to wait upon him. So the rooms were over full. Good Dr. Bowie was as kind and painstaking with these poor Africans who paid him nothing as with any of his old patients at home in Scotland, and they all loved him.

But the good doctor and his sister, Harriet Henderson, had not long to live and work at Blantyre. We cannot tell why God calls some of His servants home when *we* think they are wanted so sorely on earth. But He knows the right time, and calls them when He wants them above. Mrs. Henderson's little boy was the first taken ill, and soon he had closed his eyes on earth, and the Good Shepherd had carried His little lamb home. Then the mother was taken, then the doctor; and lastly Mr. Henderson, who was very ill and was to be sent home to England, closed his eyes at the coast and went to join his dear ones in the presence of the Lord Jesus. Great was the sorrow of the other missionaries. But where these dear servants of God had worked others took their place.

I think you would like to see Blantyre now! You would find a beautiful road, with an avenue of eucalyptus trees, leading up to the village. You would see the neat houses where the missionaries live, and gardens full of roses and geraniums, and a smithy, and a carpenter's shop. You might see the natives in neat cotton clothing working in the fields, and children either busy at school or happy at play. And in the middle of the village you would see a handsome church. Who built it? Not English workmen. Mr. Scott was architect, and others helped, but the actual building was done by the natives, by the Manganja and Yao, who used to be always fighting and selling one another. And a still fiercer tribe, called the Angoni, whom both Manganja and Yao used to dread, helped in the work, and now all worship God side by side. In that church you would see beautiful stained glass windows put up in memory of Dr. Bowie, and a tablet to the memory of Mr. Henderson, and another tablet in memory of another missionary, Mr. Cleland, who died just before the doctor. And if you went on over the hills

beyond Blantyre you would find other mission stations where people are learning about the Saviour, and are turning from their evil ways to worship and serve the Father in heaven. And I think you would say that all those precious lives were not laid down in vain, and that those grains had been like good seed, bringing forth beautiful fruit.

AFRICAN ANIMALS.

AFRICAN HUT.

CHAPTER VIII

HEROES OF THE NIGER

ONE day a missionary on the banks of the river Niger saw some men get into a canoe and paddle away up the river as if they were in a great hurry. They had got a little black baby with them. What do you think they were going to do with it? The missionary knew too well! He knew they would never bring it home to its mother again. They were going to lay it down in the "bush," where no one would see it, and leave it to die. Why should they be so cruel? The baby had not hurt them. No; but it was *one of twins*. The people of that place thought it a great misfortune when twin children were born, and one of them always had to be destroyed. In some places they destroyed both of them. The missionary and some friends with him jumped into another boat and followed the canoe, keeping as far out of sight as they could. By-and-by they saw the men land. They hid themselves until they saw them get into the canoe again and go down the river without the baby. Then they quickly went to the place

where the men had landed, searched about in the "bush," and at last they found the poor little outcast child, and brought it home with them.

This was not the only cruel thing done in the place. In the town there was a *juju* temple. *Juju* was the name they gave to their idol worship. This temple was hung all round with ornaments. And what do you think the ornaments were? *Skulls* of men and women who had been killed in sacrifice to these idols. The people were very proud of their juju temple!

Do not you think heroes were wanted to attack this stronghold of Satan? I want to tell you a little about the battle fought there by the servants of Christ. But first I must tell you something about the river Niger. I wonder if you know where it is? It is a great river flowing into the Gulf of Guinea, on the western shores of Africa. For many years people who studied geography were very puzzled about this river. Travellers had seen a bit of it here and a bit of it there. But they wanted to know where it began and where it flowed out into the sea, and they made several journeys in order to find out. At last they discovered all about it. The most curious part is the way it flows out. When it gets near the sea it divides into a number of little branches, forms a sort of triangle, which we call a delta, because it is the shape of the ancient Greek letter *d*, or delta, Δ. There are other rivers, too, which have deltas. The two side lines of the delta are the two side branches of the river, and the lower line is the sea-coast. Between these lines there are many other branches, and the land between them is nearly all soft mud, and covered with mangrove forests or "bush." Now and then there are open spaces where the land is cultivated, and on the banks of the river stand the towns.

If you were to sail up the Niger for fifty miles you would get to the end of the delta, and find a beautiful wide river, with fine hilly country on either side, and the air would be much pleasanter and healthier. For some distance you would go straight north from the Gulf of Guinea, and then you would find another river,

called the Binue, joining the Niger from the east, while if you continued along the Niger you would soon turn to the north-west.

I have told you what pains the British Government took to rescue the poor slaves from the slave ships and to stop the slave trade. It was thought that if our merchants could get further into the country and begin to trade with the people, bringing them English goods in exchange for palm oil, gums, fruits, and other things grown in the country, they might give up trading in slaves. So two steamers were sent up the Niger, and among those on board was a missionary named Schön, and Samuel Crowther. The expedition was unfortunate. Many of those who went up died of fever, and nearly all the rest were ill, and the steamers had to return. It was a long time before any one ventured up the Niger again. But Mr. Schön had been able to study the languages spoken, and Crowther had made friends with some of the people.

It was after his return from the Niger that Crowther was ordained a minister, and went to Abeokuta, as I told you in Chapter III. For many years he preached the Gospel in that city. But at last another expedition was sent up the river, and he was called away from his work in Abeokuta to go with it. This time the expedition was more successful, and Crowther found the people ready and willing to receive Christian teachers if they could be sent.

So in the year 1857 a Mission was started on the river, and seven years later Samuel Crowther was called to England to be consecrated Bishop of the Niger—the first black Bishop. For twenty-seven years more he worked there, travelling up and down the river, looking after the Mission stations and the missionaries, who at that time were all Africans like himself, men who had been trained in Sierra Leone. The work has been very, very difficult, but God has blessed it. I must now tell you a little more about it.

That missionary who rescued the poor little twin was Bishop

Crowther's son, Archdeacon Crowther, who has now been working for many years in the Niger delta. The chiefs of the delta were very pleased to trade with the English, and some of them soon got very rich. I read of one chief who had a beautiful house, with handsome furniture sent out from England; but he did not live in it; he lived in a native hut close by! But these chiefs were not very willing to receive the gospel. The people who listened most readily were their slaves. The people who attended the little church at Bonny—St. Stephen's Church—on the river bank, were slaves. And when, at Christmas, 1893, the first converts were baptized, a furious persecution broke out against them. The King of Bonny, George Pepple, who had invited the missionaries there, tried to stop it; but he had no real power; the chiefs did as they pleased. One of these chiefs went by the name of "Captain Hart." This man was furious at any of his slaves becoming Christians. One young man, named Joshua, had been ordered to join in a heathen feast. He refused to do so. He said,—

"If my master wants me to do any work for him I will do it. If he tells me to carry the world on my head I will try and do it! But this thing I will not do."

"Captain Hart" had the brave boy bound hand and foot and put into a canoe. Then he took him out on the river. Joshua kept on praying aloud, which made his master still more angry. "See," he said, turning to the other chiefs who were with him, "he keeps on praying, though I forbade him! You praying?" he went on, turning to Joshua; "I'll show you what prayer be!" And he ordered him to be flung into the water. The boy did not sink, and he was pulled into the boat again and asked if he would give up praying to Jesus.

"No," said Joshua.

Then once more he was hurled into the river, and killed by a blow on the head with the paddle.

Another Christian slave of this same chief, called Asenibiega,

was taken into the bush, and there tied up, with nothing to eat or drink, while the rest were forbidden, on pain of death, to do anything for him. Out there, alone in the bush, he yielded up his spirit, and went from his persecutor on earth to be at home with the Lord Jesus.

Two other men who were chained up in the bush were called Isaiah and Jonathan. For a whole year they remained there, suffering from hunger and thirst, and from the insects which swarm among the trees. But their friends managed from time to time to visit them and bring them a little food, and so they were kept from starving. Then their persecutors came, and offered to make them chiefs if they would return to heathenism. But one of them answered,—

"I am willing, God helping me, to lie in chains until the judgment day."

And the other said,—

"As for turning back to heathen worship, that is not in my power; for Jesus has taken my heart and padlocked it, and the key is with Him.

All this time the missionaries and the other converts were praying for the two prisoners. And at last two Englishmen, who had come to Bonny to trade, persuaded the chiefs to release them. When they were brought down to the English ship they were in rags, and looked almost like skeletons, and it was quite a difficult task to get their chains off.

Not long after this the wife of "Captain Hart," who had urged on her husband to persecute the Christians, fell sick and died. Her husband was bitterly disappointed to find that his juju, or idol, could not save her. Archdeacon Crowther went to see him, and told him of the good Physician who can heal every wound, and whose blood was shed for sinners. The chief asked Crowther to come again; but he never gave up his idols till he was on his death-bed. Then he called his people and told them the idols had failed him, and he had given up his trust in them, and as soon

as he was dead they were all to be thrown into the river. These heathen were enraged when they found their chief dying and the idols powerless to help. They gave him a splendid funeral, and the idols were all seized and cast into the river, and those that were too light to sink were crushed into little pieces.

After this the persecution ceased for a time, and the Christians, who had been forbidden to come to Church, now once more crowded St. Stephen's. About the same time the king of another important place, called Brass, was baptized. Here also there had been a good deal of persecution, but the converts had stood firm. Two hideous idols which the king had been accustomed to worship he gave to the missionaries, and they were sent home to the Church Missionary House in London. A few years later persecution broke out again in Bonny, but it did not last so long. A treaty was signed with the English which gave the missionaries a right to preach the Gospel without being hindered. Archdeacon Crowther is still living and working there.

Further up the river, beyond the delta, there were other mission stations, and many converts. But the work at these places, after prospering for a time, went back, and some of them had to be given up. When good old Bishop Crowther, who had laboured incessantly for so many years, was at length called to his rest above, some changes had to be made, and more English missionaries were sent out. But before we go farther I want to tell you a little story about the Bishop.

Crowther had paid several visits to England, and people were always delighted to see him. On one occasion he took the chair at the Annual Church Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall. It would have been difficult for people at the back of the great hall to see a black face in a dark chair at the further end. So a white cloth was thrown over the chair in which he was to sit, and the black face came out well in front of the white cloth, and no one could say they had not seen the black Bishop.

Crowther was not only good and devoted, but he was a re-

markably clever man. Yet he always remained simple and humble. One day he had been speaking at a large meeting, and, when it was over, as the people were dispersing, he sat still on the platform. By and bye some children who were going out passed in front of the platform. One little girl from the Sunday School, who had heard a great deal about the black Bishop, could not lose her opportunity, and she stood still and looked at him. Very kindly he came forward:

"Well, my little girl," he said; "are you not going to shake hands with me?"

So the child's little hand was put into his black one, and she went home delighted, because she could say she had shaken hands with Bishop Crowther.

After he was gone the question was: Who was to take his place? It was thought best that, at least for a time, there should be a white Bishop. For there were not only the old stations to be cared for, but there was new work to be done.

You know a river is a *natural road.* Men have had to toil to make roads over rough plains and hills, and through forests, so that travelling may be easy. But a river is a road that is already made. As long as the water is smooth and quiet you may go a long, long way quite easily by boat, when overland the journey would be very troublesome. To go up a great river is often the best way to get into the interior of a country.

Farther up the Niger there are many populous countries—millions and millions of people who have never heard of Christ. For there is the great land called the Soudan (or country of the blacks), stretching across Africa from west to east. There were some Christians who were very anxious that the Word of God should be preached in the Soudan, and one of these was a young man called Graham Wilmot Brooke.

He was a brave and clever young man, and he wanted to give his whole life to the work of preaching Christ to the heathen. And as no one had yet gone to the people of the Soudan, that

was where he wanted to go, that he might "prepare the way of the Lord." He started when he was still quite young, and went first to North Africa, that he might learn something about the country, and the language spoken there. For there are many people in North Africa who speak the Hausa language, the language spoken by millions in the Soudan. He could not reach the Soudan that way, for there would have been difficult mountains to cross, and then a great desert. So he chose another road. He sailed down the coast of West Africa, past Sierra Leone, past the Gulf of Guinea and the Niger, farther south, till he came to the great river Congo. Up the Congo he went, and then turned to a river that flows into it, called the Mobangi, which comes from the north. He thought in this way he could reach the Soudan from its southern border.

He had many strange adventures and narrow escapes. He travelled through countries where the people were fierce and cruel, and some of them cannibals, and where no child even would go a few yards from his own hut without taking a stick or some weapon to defend himself with if he were attacked. But God wonderfully preserved His servant. One day he was in the midst of a crowd of furious men, with knives and spears and clubs. They flourished these weapons in his face and declared they would kill him. But Mr. Brooke did not for a moment lose his courage or his trust in God. He quietly put up his hands to turn back the weapons, and talked pleasantly to the people, telling them he was no enemy, and they would gain nothing if they killed him. The weapons were put down, and they allowed him to go on his way.

But he found it impossible to get as far as the Soudan, and he determined to try another way. He soon saw that the Niger was the very best road to take, so he came back and told the Church Missionary Society he should like to go out as one of their missionaries. And in the year 1890 he went out with his young wife and three other missionaries.

FERRY ACROSS THE NIGER.
(*From Photo by* CAPT. MOCKLER.)

There was another English missionary who had been already working on the Niger, the Rev. J. A. Robinson. He and Mr. Brooke made their headquarters at Lokoja, a town on the Niger, just where the Binue joins it. It stands on the slope of a hill, and looks very pretty from the river below. There were already a few Christians at Lokoja, some of whom had come from Sierra Leone, and were in the service of the Royal Niger Trading Company. All round on both sides of the river were heathen towns and villages. But behind Lokoja a large part of the country had been laid desolate by the Mohammedans.

Both heathen and Mohammedans came to visit the missionaries, and many heard the gospel. Work was also begun at Gbebe, on the opposite side of the river, and two of the African teachers used to make long tours in the neighbourhood and tell the people the good news of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Their names were Joshua Williams and Obadiah Thomas, and they are now working there as ministers. One man who heard Mr. Williams remarked: "God gives you powerful words to speak." And Mr. Thomas got a nickname which means "Come-and-hear-what-God-says!" The missionaries paid several visits to towns further up the river, and found many people willing to listen to them.

Meanwhile, the sick people in Lokoja were cared for, and a poor helpless woman who had begged the native governor to help her, was sent by him to one of the mission ladies, who, he said "watched over such cases for God."

But sickness and trial came. Other missionaries had joined the party, women as well as men, but many became ill with fever, and had to be sent home again. And at last Mr. Robinson, who had been working very hard at the language that he might be able to translate the Scriptures, was taken with violent fever. For thirteen days he suffered, and then, in his dying moments, he suddenly shouted aloud "*God be praised*!" and he was taken up higher! Four hundred people attended his funeral.

Then one of the Mohammedan princes, who had already done

much harm in the neighbourhood, attacked the outskirts of Lokoja, and the missionaries were placed in some danger. Mr. Brooke's wife had been seriously ill, and Mr. Brooke thought it best that she and the only other lady who remained should go home Hardly two months later he was himself seized with fever, just as he was planning another journey. He had no English friend with him, but Mr. Williams nursed him tenderly. He told Mr. Williams he was puzzled to think why God should send sickness, just as he was preparing to advance farther. Mr. Williams reminded him that God sometimes lets one man plough—as *he* had done—and another sow, and another reap. Then, said Mr. Williams, "he smiled delightfully," and was perfectly content to live or die, as God pleased. He said, "If it is difficult to get a coffin, put my body in a native mat, and bury me." And then he told Mr. Williams what to put on his grave. The text he chose was that glorious verse about the dead being raised when the Lord Jesus comes again:

"*In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.*"

And so Graham Wilmot Brooke went home to be with the Lord, and was buried by the side of Mr. Robinson. He had only been, as it were, just inside the gate of the great Soudan, and no farther. But he had shown Christians at home that the gate was open, and his grave, with that of Mr. Robinson, lies on the threshold, and points the way in.

It was just over two months before Mr. Brooke's death that Bishop Crowther was called away. The man who was appointed in his place was one beloved by all who knew him. His name was Joseph Sidney Hill. He went out with his devoted wife, ready to brave all dangers and hardships, and taking with him a goodly party of missionaries. But first one, and then another, were taken ill on the way, at Lagos. Bishop Hill who was very low with fever, hardly knew that his wife was sick too. "I am going

home," he said. And she answered, "I think *we* are going home." Of the party that went out, one—a lady—had to be sent back to England, and all the rest died but one! That one had a very curious name given him by the natives when he went up the Niger. It was Ogboputalunaozo, which means, "the slave that the master kept when he sold all the rest." They did not understand that those who had died were in the Master's safe keeping above! And He wanted this one—Mr. Watney—too. Soon the call came for him. And now there was only one left, Miss Maxwell, who had been sent back from England. She got well again, and has since then done good work on the Niger.

But what of the Soudan? Are there any missionaries working there? Not yet. But Bishop Tugwell has been a long way into the country, further than Mr. Brooke, and he hopes soon to have missionaries there. The Mohammedans who used to oppress the people on the Upper Niger have been driven back by English soldiers, and there is now peace and quietness and an open door for the gospel. And so we hope that what Wilmot Brooke and Robinson began, will, before long, be gloriously carried out.

TRADING STATION ON NIGER.

AFRICAN CARAVAN ON THE MARCH.

CHAPTER IX

HEROES OF ZANZIBAR AND NYASSALAND

HAVE you ever seen a boat race? It is a pretty sight to watch the graceful boats with their white sails skimming over the blue water. What do they race for? Sometimes just for the pleasure, but sometimes in order to get a prize. There have been many races off the coast of Africa, but, oh! such different ones from our pleasure races—not several boats trying which could sail fastest, and reach the goal first, but one boat chasing one another—not in sport, but for very serious work! I told you how English ships used to be sent to the West Coast to watch for the vessels that started off full of slaves, to capture them if possible and set the poor sufferers free. It is nearly fifty years since this had to be done. After Lagos, the great nest of slave dealers, became a British possession, the shipping off of slaves from the West Coast gradually ceased. But all this time it was going on from the East Coast, and at last British ships were sent out here, and you might have seen a schooner in hot chase of an Arab

dhow—a boat with one sail—laden with slaves, who were to be sold in Arabia and other Mohammedan countries. They were just as cruelly treated as the slaves who used to be shipped from the West Coast. They were chained up, packed closely together, and nearly starved. If the English vessel caught the dhow the poor slaves were set free.

Sometimes such a dhow was stopped, not by the English, but by the officers of the Sultan of Zanzibar. All the slave dealers who shipped their slaves at Zanzibar had to pay toll to the Sultan, but sometimes they tried to get off without paying. If this was discovered and they were caught, the Sultan had their dhows burned, and kept the slaves for himself, using them as presents to his friends!

This Sultan of Zanzibar was a great monarch. He ruled not only over the island of Zanzibar, but over the coast and the other islands some distance to the north and to the south. Even chiefs in the far interior of Africa acknowledged his authority. His capital stood, and now stands, on the west shore of the island, facing the mainland. In the middle of the city there was a large open space, and here sad sights were to be seen, for here was the *slave-market*. Here men, women, and children were huddled together like cattle, while their owners stood by and sold them to the highest bidder. This was done openly, day by day. And up to the year 1864 no missionary had preached the gospel there. You remember that Dr. Krapf visited Zanzibar in the year 1844; but you know he did not stay there, but went back to Mombasa, and then on to the mainland.

In the year 1864 two men came to Zanzibar to begin missionary work. One was Bishop Tozer, who went out to succeed Bishop Mackenzie, as I told you in the last chapter. The other was his friend, Dr. Steere. You heard how the Universities' Mission had had to leave the Shiré Highlands. Bishop Tozer thought the very best place to start again was Zanzibar. People at home did not quite like the change. It seemed to them to be

ZANZIBAR.

going back instead of forward. But you know if you want to take a good leap forward you often have to step back first. And Bishop Tozer felt sure the leap forward into Africa could not be properly taken without this step back. He wanted to plant the Mission firmly at Zanzibar, and he then hoped it might again leap forward. And so, in time, it did.

Seeing how often white men fell ill and died in Africa, he determined to train up some Africans to be missionaries to their own people. He had not long to look for some boys to begin with. The Sultan had just got a number of slaves from a dhow which had not paid toll, and the English Consul told him it would be a nice thing to send a few to the bishop. Five boys were sent, and the bishop began at once to care for them and teach them. Soon after this some more boys, as well as some girls, rescued by British ships, were sent to him. So he and his helpers started a little home for the boys, and one for the girls. Happily two ladies, one of them the bishop's sister, had arrived, so there was some one to care for the girls.

For several years the work went on quietly, and by-and-by a missionary was able to go over to the mainland. In the country of Usambara, where Krapf had travelled, and where he had prayed that Christ's kingdom might come, a Mission was begun, which, in spite of many difficulties, grew and prospered. But the country round Lake Nyassa, for which the Mission was first founded, remained still untouched. Bishop Tozer prepared the way for sending the gospel there, but when the time came for it to be done, he was worn out in health, and could do no more.

He was succeeded by his friend Steere; and to Bishop Steere God gave the joy of planting a Mission in Nyassaland. But before we go on to that I have something else to tell you.

All these years the awful traffic in the slave-market had been going on. But England had been roused up by Dr. Livingstone's account of the slave trade, and in the year 1873, shortly before his death, Sir Bartle Frere was sent out to Zanzibar to try and

get the Sultan to sign a treaty abolishing it. The Sultan said he could not do this; his chiefs would not let him. But when some ships of war arrived in front of his palace, he signed the treaty. Slaves might no more be bought and sold openly in the place. It is true that bad men did go on doing it in secret, but if caught they were punished, and the terrible slave-market was at an end!

The thought came to Bishop Steere that he should like to build a church in that spot. Part of the ground he bought, and the rest was given him by a Hindu merchant. Steere himself planned and superintended all the work, and on Christmas Day, 1879, Christ Church, Zanzibar, was opened. In the place where the whip of the slave dealer, the groans of the wretched slaves, and the bargaining of buyer and seller had been heard, there now rose up songs of praise to God!

But before that, while the church was still building, Bishop Steere had taken a long journey. Sailing down the coast to a place called Lindi, he started, with some native porters, to walk to Lake Nyassa.

They passed through a strange and lonely forest, where the porters neither sang nor shouted as usual, but marched on silently What was there to frighten them? Not wild beasts, but ants! The ants here are so many and so formidable, that even an elephant will turn out of his path if he sees an army of ants coming that way. But the ants did not hurt the missionary party. They passed safely through the forest, and along the banks of the river Rovuma, and after two months' travelling, they reached a place called Mwembe. The king of this place had only seen one white man before, and that was Livingstone. When he heard another white man had come, he came out of his house to receive him. He took his seat on a sort of throne, and gave a lower seat to Bishop Steere. But the bishop's face was a deep bronze colour after the long tramp under the hot sun, and the king did not feel sure he was really a white man. So he had to uncover his arm, which had kept its natural colour, and when the king saw that he

was satisfied. The bishop thought it wise to stay a little in the place, and make friends with him, instead of going on to the Lake; and the king said he should like to have white teachers, but I am sorry to say he died before any were able to come.

Some of the slaves who had been set free at Zanzibar belonged to this part of the country, and spoke the language of the Yao tribe, who lived here. So Bishop Steere thought it would be a good thing to settle them in their old homes, and have a Mission station amongst them; and the following year he started off again on the same journey with a number of these people. But finding on the way a beautiful place called Masasi, where food was plentiful and water abundant, they begged that they might stay there instead of going any farther.

Masasi became the first station on the way up to Lake Nyassa, and later on Mwembe became another. Two missionaries were sent to the Lake, but one of them died just as he reached it, and the other, whose name was Johnson, was left alone. They were not, however, the first missionaries on the Lake. The Free Church of Scotland had already begun a Mission there, and had a steamer called the *Ilala*, of which I have told you. But the Lake is large, and there is room for many labourers on its shores. Mr. Johnson spent two years in exploring the country round, and then he came back, and asked for a Mission steamer.

Bishop Steere did not live to reach Lake Nyassa himself. While Mr. Johnson was still travelling up and down its shores, he was taken away from the work he had carried on more than twenty years to the Home above. He will always be remembered as the man who built a Christian church where the old slave-market had stood in Zanzibar, and also as the man who translated a large part of the Bible into the Swahili language. He never spared himself, and though very weary and worn, he was hoping to finish his Swahili Bible, when one night the Master's call came for him, and in his sleep he entered into eternal rest.

It was his successor, Bishop Smythies, who saw the Mission

steamer, *Charles Janson* (named after the missionary who died on reaching the Lake), launched on the Shiré, after it had been carried up past the cataracts, like the *Ilala*. This was Bishop Smythies' first visit to Lake Nyassa in 1885. During the ten years that he lived and worked in Africa he made five journeys to the Nyassa, and ten to the stations on the river Rovuma. He travelled some thousands of miles, and at length his strength gave way.

On his last visit to the Lake he hardly knew how he got there, for he had a bad sore on his leg. "A year or two ago," he said, "I should have thought nothing of it; now all the strength seems to have gone out of me." At length, when he could do no more, he was carried on board a steamer to go home to England, but he went only a little part of the way. Off the African coast he died, and the worn-out missionary bishop had an ocean funeral.

Bishop Smythies had, on his first journey to the Nyassa, chosen a spot to be the headquarters of the Mission. It was a small island, called Likoma, about five miles from the eastern shore of the Lake, and the people who lived there were mostly fishermen. Here a Mission house was built, and very soon there were boys at school there, taught by African teachers from Zanzibar, and later on there was a girls' school, taught by English ladies. By-and-by, as the work grew, a separate bishop was appointed to take charge of the Likoma Mission. The first bishop was not able to work long there on account of his health. The next man chosen was one who had been for some years in the Mission, whose name was Maples. He was a poet, and wrote some pretty verses about the Lake. I think you may like to read a few lines of them:

"Thy lonely waters, as they gently swing
And murmur 'neath the cloudless azure sky,
Full many a lofty message through the eye
That rests upon the impressive scene do bring
To minds attuned to high imagining,

And spirits yearning for eternity;
Such messages, I ween, can never die;
From heaven they come, despatched by Heaven's King."

But Bishop Maples could not only write poetry and work diligently: he could bear trouble quietly. One day the beautiful station at Likoma was on fire. A crow had picked up a piece of food with a live ember from the fire sticking to it, and put it in the thatched roof of one of the buildings. Presently house, church, dispensary, everything was in flames; and one thing the missionaries specially felt—their valuable books were burnt. But they all gathered together in the evening and praised God that He had saved them from worse disaster. Archdeacon Maples (he was not then bishop) wrote:

"First, what we *didn't* lose—no human lives and no tempers."

He came back to England to be consecrated bishop, and did all he could to interest people at home in the needs of Africa, and in the work of God there. When he returned, he took his journey by way of the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers, and visited Blantyre, about which I have told you in chapter vii. The thought of those who had laid down their lives there and in other parts seems to have come strongly upon him, and he said to a companion:

"Well, we have been in Africa twenty years; we cannot expect to live very much longer out here."

He was anxious to reach Likoma as soon as possible, for he knew that the missionaries there were eagerly watching for him, and he started across the Lake in a sailing boat. A violent storm came on; the sail was reefed, but suddenly the boat was covered by the waves, and every one was in the water. Two faithful native boys did their best to save the bishop, but he saw that it was more than they could do, so he said quietly to them:

"You must not die for me. If you are spared, tell Mr. Johnson that I am dead."

Then he sank, and nothing more could be done. His com-

panion, Mr. Williams, perished also, but the natives managed to reach an island in safety.

So the missionaries lost their leader, just as they were about to welcome him! But another took his place, and the work prospered. There are several stations on the shores of the Lake, and Mr. Johnson has made many more journeys around it, besides translating a large part of the Bible into one of the languages spoken there.

The Free Church of Scotland Mission which was first on the Nyassa, has its stations on the other side—the western shore—of the Lake. When Mr. Young first took the *Ilala* up the Shiré in 1875 he chose a place at the southern end. Here the first missionaries settled. They called the place "Livingstonia." They soon gathered a band of converts round them, and they taught them many useful things, such as carpentering and blacksmith's work, and though the latter was *warm* work under an African sun, the natives were only too delighted to use the hammer and see the sparks fly.

One of the first band of missionaries was Dr. Robert Laws. He had been interested in missions to the heathen when still a little boy in the Sunday School, and when the missionary box was full and the boys were asked to what mission they would like to give the money, he always chose a place on the west coast. Reading Livingstone's travels made him long to go into the "heart of Africa," and when his Sunday School teacher asked him what he would like to be, he at once replied: "A missionary." As he grew older he began to study medicine, that he might go out as a medical missionary. He lodged with another student, named Black, who was also preparing to go. Dr. Black went out a little later than Dr. Laws, but he was only spared to labour for a short time in Africa. The place chosen at the south end of the Lake proved as unhealthy as Magomero (Bishop Mackenzie's station) had been, or more so, and one after another of those who went out sickened and died. About seven years later a traveller came to visit the

place. It looked very pretty as he drew near. There was a garden on the shores of a little bay, and a neat path, and a row of little cottages, the mountains covered with forest rising behind. But when he looked into the largest house he found no one living there! He went into the little school, the blacksmith's shop, and into one cottage after another, but all were empty! Then a native approached and led him out a few steps into the forest. What did he see there? *A row of graves!*

The missionaries who were spared had moved away from this unhealthy spot, a hundred and fifty miles further north, and founded a new station called Bandawe, on the west shore of Lake Nyassa.

The people here were called Atonga. On the hills a little farther off lived a fierce tribe called the Angoni. Some of this tribe are found in the Shiré Highlands, as I told you in chapter vii. The Atonga suffered much from these fierce neighbours. One night a number of Angoni warriors surrounded an Atonga village. They went to every door and called the people out of the huts. They killed every man, and they bound the women fast with ropes of bark. Then they sat down to feast before taking their poor captives off to sell them for slaves. Some white traders hearing what had happened, armed their native porters and made haste to try and rescue the poor women. When the Angoni saw them they tried hard to *kill* their prisoners before they could be rescued, and there was a terrible scene—women screaming and struggling for life. But in a short time the Angoni were driven away, and two hundred women were saved.

There were cruel things done among the Atonga themselves, as well as among other tribes. Persons were often accused of having bewitched one or other of their neighbours. They were then made to take a poisonous drink called *muavi*. If it did them no harm, they were supposed to be innocent; if they died, they were thought guilty. Even little girls had to drink it, and two children not more than ten or eleven years old, whom the missionaries taught, died from it.

Dr. Laws was determined to do what he could to stop the terrible attacks of the Angoni. With only a few porters to carry the things he needed, he went to visit their chief, and had a talk with him. The chief actually promised him that there should be no more attacks made on the Atonga, and he kept his promise. He also consented to have a mission station begun at a short distance from his village. But when Dr. Elmslie came to settle there, though the people were pleased to have a white man among them, they would not let him teach their children the word of God. They said if the missionary taught them that it was wrong to murder and to steal they would grow up cowards! Three boys used to come by night, to be taught by Dr. Elmslie, at the risk of being killed if they were found out.

But at length a great drought came upon the land. The people went to their "rain-doctors," but no rain came. Then they appealed to Dr. Elmslie to help them. He told them he could not make rain, and that it was God who sent it when and where He pleased. But he said he would ask God to send it here where they were in need. God answered his prayer, for next day the rain came down in abundance. Now the people changed their minds, and the children were allowed to come to school, and even grown men and women came to be taught, that they might read the Bible for themselves. Meanwhile Dr. Laws had paid a visit to another Angoni chief farther off. He first sent a Christian native, called Albert, the first convert of the country, with a message to him and his people. The people wanted to kill the messenger, but the headmen would not allow it. They asked Albert what he had come for. He gave his message: that the white men were coming, who wanted to teach the word of God and to help the sick. The answer was:

"Is the white man Dr. Laws? If it is he, we know it is well, but we do not want any one else."

But Dr. Laws could not stay there, for he was wanted at Bandawe. Later on the people allowed another missionary to settle there.

God has so prospered the Livingstonia Mission that there are now several other stations, here and there, along the western shores of Lake Nyassa. There are numbers of schools where the children are taught, and many can read the word of God in their own tongue.

I should like to tell you of one of the early converts, whose name was Moolu. He became servant to Professor Drummond, the traveller I mentioned before, who visited the mission. Professor Drummond said Moolu was not particularly bright, nor clever, but *he could always trust him.* One night on the march when he thought all in the camp were gone to rest, he heard a low sound, and he discovered Moolu with all the porters round him, conducting evening prayers for them. Another later convert was an Angoni chief, who nearly lost his chieftainship by becoming a Christian! He was first a pupil, and then a teacher in the Mission school.

There are more than a hundred native Christian teachers, who go from village to village in the forest to instruct their countrymen in the word of God. And the terrible wars which used to desolate the land, the cruel slave-raids, and the killing of innocent people by means of the poison-cup, are almost entirely done away with. Dr. Laws and other living missionaries have been used of God to win a hard fight. But I think you will agree with me that those whose bodies were laid in that row of graves at the south end of the Lake, besides others who died later on, have their share in the victory!

MAKOBA GIRLS.

CHAPTER X

THE HERO OF GARENGANZE

MOST of the heroes of whom I have been telling you are no longer living on earth. They have finished their work, and have gone home to be with the Lord. But in this chapter I am going to tell you about one who is still living while I write, and perhaps, if God spares him, you may see him some day. Frederick Stanley Arnot was, like Livingstone, a pioneer missionary, that is, one whose chief work it is to prepare the way for others. He was a Scotchman like Livingstone, and he was like him in many other things, in courage, in patience, and especially in his love for the Africans, so that they called him "the son of Livingstone," because he reminded them so much of the great traveller.

Mr. Arnot wanted to go to some of the people in the centre of Africa, whom no one but Livingstone had ever visited, to take them the good news of a Saviour. He was not sure at first to

which of them he ought to go, and he asked God to make it quite plain where *He* would have him go.

There is a place in South Africa called Shoshong, which is governed by a Christian king called Khama. Perhaps you may know his name, for it is not long since he paid a visit to England. Mr. Arnot made his way to Shoshong, and waited there for an opportunity of going farther up the country. He thought of going to the Barotse valley, where the Makololo and their great chief Sebituane had once lived. The Makololo were no longer there, as I told you in chapter vi., and there was another king, called Liwanika. Now Khama was going to send a huntsman a good part of the way towards the Barotse, so it was settled that Mr. Arnot should go with him. This man, Tinka, was a Christian, and he asked Mr. Arnot to hold meetings for the people in the villages they passed, who understood the Sechuana language, which he was able speak. Sometimes crowds came to listen to him. At one place the head man sent a messenger to call the people. The messenger threw up his arms into the air, jumped, and shouted, until the men and women came hurrying along. They all sat down, the men in one ring, and the women in another, and listened for two hours.

One of the things these villagers seemed to understand, or at any rate to like best, was about the Lord Jesus being the Good Shepherd. In some parts of the world—in Japan, for instance—they find this difficult to understand, because sheep are seldom seen, so they know nothing about them. But in South Africa a man's riches are his flocks and herds. One evening, after Mr. Arnot had been talking to a number of people, he heard a young man, who had been listening to him for several evenings saying to himself: "The Good Shepherd: He gave his life for the sheep. He is the Son of God—Son of God—Son of God!"

Every night the travellers used to make a "skerm" to keep off the wild beasts: that is, a fence made of thorn bushes which they cut down, open at one end. At the opening they made large

fires to scare away any animal that came near, and though a lion would walk round and round the fence he did not attempt to come in. The worst trouble was the want of water. At one time Mr.

IVORY CARRIERS.

Arnot had to make a pint and a half of water last him four days, and at last no more food could be cooked for want of it. The next day came and there was still none to be had, and the natives declared they were all "dead" from thirst! Mr. Arnot was

lying back in his wagon. He remembered the Lord's promise to His people in Isaiah 33, 16: "*Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure*," and he lifted up his heart to God and pleaded that promise.

"Would you like a drink?" was the next thing he heard. Tinka had gone on to search for water, and had sent back three calabashes full, so there was a little for each. How glad they were! Soon afterwards they reached a river, and they all began to talk about the wonderful escape they had had from dying of thirst. Tinka tried to show them that it was the Lord's doings, and read out the verse in Psalm 115, 1: "*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give praise.*"

At another place they reached, some elephants had drunk up all the water. There was some damp mud, which they tried sucking, but it was not nice! But soon after a party of Bushmen came by. These Bushmen know the country well, and have secret stores of water, and they took Setobi, Mr. Arnot's servant, to one of these secret stores, so that again the need of the travellers was supplied.

The native porters who went with Mr. Arnot often gave him a great deal of trouble. One day they were in a very discontented mood. They put down their loads, and declared they would go no farther unless he gave them some gunpowder. He quietly sat down and looked at them. Presently they took up the things again. "All right," said he; "go pleasantly!" Gradually they stopped complaining, and the man who had been most in the wrong came afterwards and said he was sorry.

Another time they were taking a journey by boat, and they pulled up close to a little island in the river, and said they must have more pay. Now it is not very safe to stop in the midst of one of those rivers, for a crocodile may come along and, with one stroke of his tail whisk you out of the boat. So Mr. Arnot got out with the men upon the island, spread his mat on the ground, and lay down to read. Softly they stole back to the boat, thinking he

did not see them, and, calling out that they would not come back unless he promised them more pay, they rowed off. Mr. Arnot took no notice of them. He felt quite sure that God had not brought him to that place to leave him there, and he went on reading his book, which was a very interesting one, about the Scotch Covenanters. In about an hour the men came back with the boat: Mr. Arnot closed his book and got in quietly, and the men rowed hard to make up for the time they had lost.

But once the missionary *was* left alone in the desert, that is, alone with his servant, both of them very ill with fever. Mr. Arnot and Setobi had trudged on for a day and part of the night in this condition, while the impatient porters had gone on before and would not wait for them. At length they could do no more, and they lay down exhausted. There was one little boy with Mr. Arnot, who bravely hastened back to the village from which they had come to get help. Meanwhile Mr. Arnot lay, hour after hour, rolling about in fever under the burning sun. Part of the time he hardly knew where he was, but as long as he was conscious God kept his heart in peace. Next morning a wagon arrived from the village to fetch them, and the sick men were well cared for.

At length Mr. Arnot reached Liwanika's capital. The king was very friendly, and wanted his people taught useful things, but he did not want the *one thing needful*. "It is good," he said, "to read and write, and know numbers; but don't teach them the Word of God: that is not nice." Again, when he was told that God looked at the *heart*, and that a poor slave might be seated with Him on high, and a king or chief shut out, he got very angry.

"These," said Mr. Arnot, "are not not my words, but God's."

"I don't care: we are not all going to die just now; why then speak about it?"

This king was not unlike some people in England, who want to forget that death must come, and do not want to hear the word of God. But later on he came again to Mr. Arnot to talk over the matter.

"Where does God live? and what does He do with men who are dead?"

Mr. Arnot answered that those who are God's children live for ever with Him, but others are shut out, and then told him how God had sent His only Son to die that sinners might be forgiven.

"Well, well," said Liwanika," "I will call you again to speak about this matter."

Was he not like Felix in Acts 24. 25? There were some of Liwanika's people who did care to hear the Word of God. Even some young men who laughed at first went away to talk with one another over what they had been told. Mr. Arnot heard one man say, "Monare's words (Monare was the name they called him) pierce the heart." One of the chiefs used to come and see him and listen to the Scriptures and talk over them for hours. The wife of another chief suffered much persecution for listening to the Word, and saying she knew the Lord.

Mr Arnot saw some very painful things in the Barotse country. I should not like to tell you of half the horrible things that were done there. Innocent persons were constantly being accused of "bewitching" somebody, and put to death in a barbarous manner. And when anything of importance was to be done, a *human sacrifice* was first offered; very often the victim was a child. One day an old chief named Ratau came to Mr. Arnot in great distress. He had been charged to buy for the king a valuable greyhound. The dog had to be brought from a distance, and while the chief was on the journey the dog broke loose and ran away in the direction from which it had come. Ratau knew that the way it would take was full of wild beasts, and he thought he should never get it back. In fact, he had given up all hope, and knowing the king would be very angry he told Mr. Arnot he might as well go and drown himself. Mr. Arnot had only lately been telling him of the power of God, and he thought God might show this poor chief what He could do for those who asked and trusted him. So he

BULLOCK WAGON IN THE DESERT.

prayed that the dog might come back. An hour later the dog was there. Some men who were cutting firewood had found it and turned it back. The news went from one to the other that the white teacher's God had sent back the dog, and Ratau asked Mr. Arnot to have a large meeting that all the people might hear the Word of God.

But Mr. Arnot was often very ill in the Barotse valley, and at last his sight began to fail, and he felt that he must not stay any longer. A Portuguese trader, who had come from the coast, proposed that the missionary should go with him on the journey back, and Mr. Arnot accepted the proposal. Then did he leave the poor people there without any one to teach them more? No; he knew that a devoted French missionary, who had already laboured for some years in South Africa, was coming northwards to the Barotse country. This man was Mr. Coillard, who is still living at the time I am writing, and is now an old man. With his brave wife and some other helpers he arrived at Lealui, Liwanika's capital, some months after Mr. Arnot left, and has carried on the Mission there.

"You are my friend," said the king to Mr. Arnot, when he bade him good-bye; "come back very soon." But God wanted Mr. Arnot elsewhere.

The journey to the coast occupied some months. Mr. Arnot suffered a good deal at times. Once he got his right eye hurt by the explosion of a gun. Then his riding ox got troublesome, and would canter on after the other oxen, right through the thorn bushes, and the thorns caught in his bandage and tore it off his eye. Another time the ox got exhausted for want of grass, and Mr. Arnot had to walk fifteen miles a day through deep sand and under a hot sun. But the Portuguese trader, when he found it out, had a hammock rigged up for him, and sent four men to carry it. One thing, however, made the missionary's heart glad. Some of the people through whose country he passed, were very glad to see an "English," as they called him, and listened willingly when he spoke to them of the true God and the Saviour. At one place they thanked

him by clapping their hands, and the chief said they were so happy to hear about God. "I," he said, "have always believed in a great God who made all things; but I want to know that God that I may pray to Him." At another place a man said,—

"This day I am a child of Jesus Christ; now I will pray to God alone."

"When they were near the coast a very interesting thing happened. At one of the places where they stopped a chief showed Mr. Arnot a dirty bit of paper, with something written on it in bad Portuguese. It was a letter from Msidi, king of the Garenganze country, which some trader must have written for him. In this letter Msidi begged very earnestly that *white man would come to Garenganze*. Of course he did not mean a missionary, and was not wanting to hear about God; but he thought a white man's coming might make his country prosperous. But Mr. Arnot thought that perhaps God meant *him* to go there.

Garenganze is the name of a country to the west of Lake Bangweolo, which you know was discovered by Livingstone. It was then a country with a large population, fertile, and fairly healthy. King Msidi, who sent the letter, was a strong, stern ruler, and though he sometimes did very cruel things he kept order among his people. The worst evil in the country was the old trouble which so weighed on the heart of Livingstone—slave-trading. Every one bought, sold, and kept slaves.

At Benguela, on the coast, Mr. Arnot got letters from his friends, which were very welcome, for it was many months since he had had any. He got ready to go to Garenganze in June, 1885, just over a year since he left the Barotse. When he climbed the hills which rose up from the coast, he took a last look at the blue sea behind him. Beyond that sea was his own country, with all the dear ones whom he loved, and as he gazed down upon wide unknown plains before him, stretching away miles and miles into the distance, he felt as if an "ocean of land and silence" lay before him. But he remembered the words in Psalm 139. 8: "*Behold!*

Thou art there." Then if God were there, where he was going, he would not be alone! So he took courage and went forward.

Some amusing things happened on the journey. At one place he sent a present, according to the usual custom, to a chief through whose country he was passing. The present was thirty-two yards of calico. By-and-by three of the chief's head servants came to see him.

"Your present," they said, "is too small. You must fancy Kapoko is a very small man, as you have sent him such a small present."

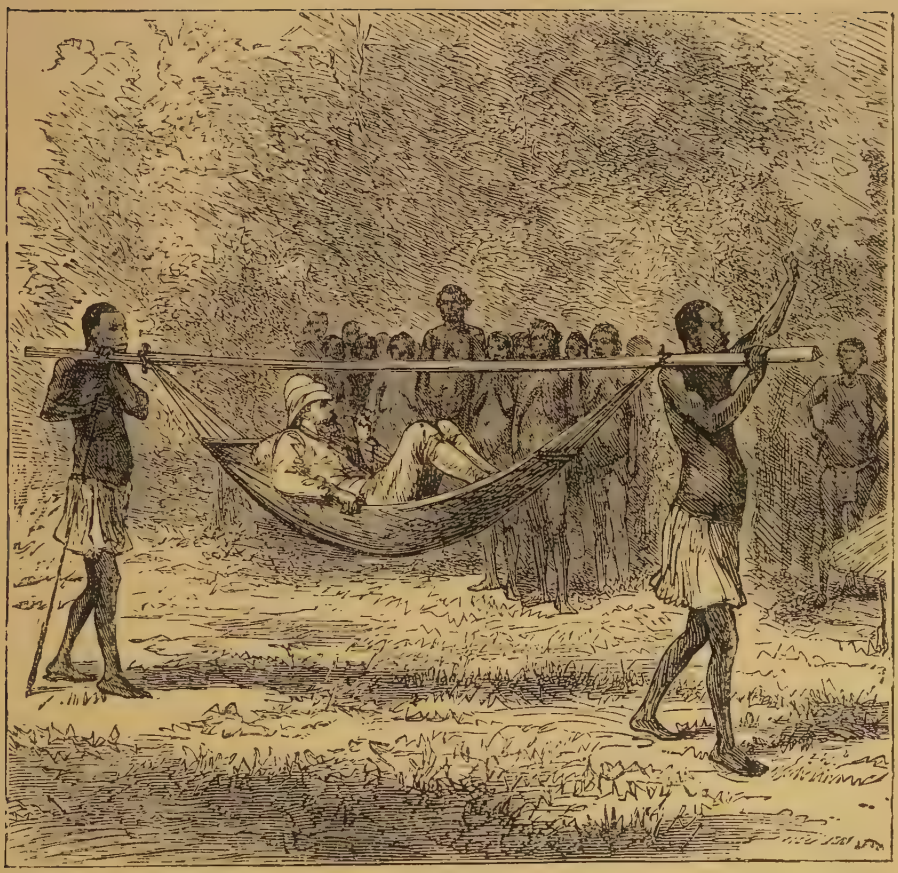
But Mr. Arnot knew how to answer them.

"I know that Kapoko is a very great man, and I have much respect for him, but *I* am a very small man, and that is why my present is so small!"

The messengers had no more to say.

At another place where he stopped a chief came to see him in his tent. The chief seemed rather frightened when he got in. He was going to sit down on the ground, but Mr. Arnot offered him his chair. The chief had never seen such a thing before, and did not quite like it. At last he ventured to sit down sideways on one corner of the chair, casting rather suspicious looks at the back of it.

But there were difficulties and dangers on this journey too. The men who carried the loads were as troublesome as those on the former journey. One morning some of them said they would not carry them any further, and they would beat any man who ventured to take up his load. Mr. Arnot knew that he had no power to make them change their minds. So he committed the matter to the Lord, believing that if the Lord wanted him to go on further He would manage it all. And he left the enclosure where the tents were pitched, and sat down quietly on a log. Suddenly he looked up and saw the camp all astir. The men were picking up the loads as fast as they could, and hurrying off. Had an army come to drive them out? Yes, an army of very small soldiers—swarms and



TRAVELLING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

swarms of "army ants" were rushing in, and the men could hardly get out fast enough!

By-and-by they came to a part of the country where there was little food to be had. No game could be found, and by the wayside they passed the dead bodies of two men who had died of hunger. The men began to complain, and some went off to try and find a village where they might buy food. Mr. Arnot went with one man to search for game, and at length they came upon four wild pigs Two of these escaped, but the other two were shot, and when the rest of the men came back they found plenty of meat ready for them, and meat of which they were especially fond. The next day Mr. Arnot heard them saying to one another,—

"Don't you remember what things we said of the white man and his God? But the white man's God has not only been with us, but has given us plenty of pork to eat."

More than seven months passed, and at last Garenganze was reached. A letter with a present of calico was sent on to King Msidi, to tell him the white man was coming. He sent back a tusk of *very* white ivory to show that his heart was "white," or friendly, towards the stranger, and glad of his coming. But when Mr. Arnot got to the place where the king lived he was not allowed to see him at once. That was not Garenganze manners! Charms must first be used to show whether this white man were good and true, and meant good by coming. Some curious things were done. A piece of bark was laid in a mixture of native medicine to see whether it would turn rotten. If it turned rotten then the white man's heart was rotten, and he was not to be trusted! They cut off the head of a poor fowl and flung the body on the ground. If the neck had fallen so as to point towards Mr. Arnot's camp, he would have been a dangerous man! But the body of the fowl fell in the right direction, and the piece of bark remained sound, and the other charms all pointed the same way, so they concluded Mr. Arnot was good and true. Then a day was appointed for the king to receive his "white man," and Mr. Arnot got a hearty welcome

from him. Msidi told him to build a house as near as he pleased to his own "palace," and Mr. Arnot chose a spot in a healthy place and began his work, living, in the meantime, in a grass hut.

Msidi was very different from Liwanika. Mr. Arnot wished him to know *why* he had come to Garenganze, and what his message was, and the king listened thoughtfully to what he heard. On Mr. Arnot telling him that all men were alike in God's sight, and that a king needed God's mercy as much as a slave, he said,—

"It must be so, if God is great, as you say. If He is so high, we must all be the same in His sight."

All the time Mr Arnot was in the country the king was his friend, and he was free to go about as he liked. He used to take journeys to the neighbouring villages to preach the gospel to the people, but he found it very hard to get them to come and hear him. In one place where the head man received him, and gave him a hut to sleep in, the other people were afraid to venture near him, and declared that they had seen his footprints on the path, and that he had feet like a zebra! But when the evening came Mr. Arnot lit a large fire in front of his hut, and the people liked the fire, and began to gather together on the farther side of it, and he was able to have a little talk with them. On another occasion he got a good talk with some young men in one of the villages. He told them about the *two ways* shown us in God's Word, and pointed out the difference between deceiving, lying, stealing, murdering, and many other heathen ways, and the straitness and evenness of God's ways. There was a bright looking young man listening, and when he heard about the ways of God, he was full of wonder and admiration, and said they were "*a road to run on!*" Do you remember some words in the Bible very like what the yôung man said? If you look in Psalm lxxxv., you will read these words: "*Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of his steps.*" Another way of putting the last part of that verse in English is: "*Shall make his footsteps a way to walk in*" (Revised Version).

And in Psalm cxix. you will read: "*I will run the way of Thy commandments.*" I wonder whether *you* have begun to try and walk in that road!

Gradually the suspicions of the natives wore off. At one place they brought Mr. Arnot some food, and were delighted to find that he cooked it and ate it like other men! The next time he visited the place they brought him cooked food, and for half an hour there was a stream of women coming and going to bring him their dishes. Then nearly all the village assembled outside his hut. He called his boys, and had the food carried out, so that they had a feast all together, and he got an opportunity to talk to them. Next day a dozen of the young men offered to join him for the rest of his journey. Here was a splendid opportunity for Mr. Arnot. He started off with them into the bush, and set up his camp near a river, where there was plenty of game to kill. Others joined them from the neighbouring villages, and every morning and evening he was able to read and explain the Bible to them. Then at another place, among the mountains, he succeeded in killing two great hippopotami, and sent an invitation to all the people round to come to the feast. They had hippopotami for the centre dish, and zebra and antelope for side dishes, and they stayed on as long as the feast lasted.

I must tell you something about the "boys" who helped Mr. Arnot in the daily work. One, who was called "Dick," had come with him from the Barotse country. Another was named Susi. Both these boys became true Christians. Dick was the first to be baptized. Would you like to hear about that first baptism in Garenganze? Mr. Arnot, Dick, Susi, and a man who showed much interest in the gospel, all went down together to the water. They had to go through the long grass, and they passed the footprints of a leopard which had been there before them taking his morning drink out of the river. Down by the water Mr. Arnot had prayer with his three companions, and then he baptized Dick. Susi was baptized three months later. He had said for some time that he

believed in the Lord Jesus, but Mr. Arnot waited till he could see a real difference in Susi's life. For these lads, though they loved Mr. Arnot, were now and then tempted into ways that were wrong. But when they gave their hearts to the Lord, there was a real change in them, and they began to walk in His ways.

There was another boy, a little one, whom Mr. Arnot called Johnny. On the way to Garenganze one of the porters had bought the little fellow. But he got so weary with tramping that he could go no farther. The porter would have left him to die on the road, but, to the great astonishment of all the men, Mr. Arnot put the boy on his own riding ox, so that he reached the end of the journey safely. Then, as the man who had bought him did not want to be troubled with him any longer, he was left with Mr. Arnot. He was a bright little boy, active, and sweet-tempered. But he died not long after Dick's baptism.

Dick was troubled one day because the store of food was running low. A messenger was expected with supplies from the coast, but it was rumoured that he would not be there for some time. Standing by the empty corn-bin, Dick said, "If he does not come we shall die of hunger." He had forgotten how often God had supplied their needs. That very day Mr. Arnot had a present of calico from the king, with which he was able to buy fresh corn.

Another time Mr. Arnot's own personal need was supplied in a remarkable manner. His boots were quite worn out, and as the hot ground scorched his bare feet he had made thick pads of old newspapers to tie on them when he was visiting from village to village. The pads were not very comfortable, but he had had no time or strength to attempt boot making. But one morning a young man came to him with a pair of nice new boots to sell! A chief had bought them from a travelling trader and given them as a present to one of the king's sons. This man did not want them, and sent to see if Mr. Arnot would buy them for four yards of calico. They fitted exactly!

For two years—all the while that he was in Garenganze—Mr. Arnot had had no letters or news of any kind from his friends. At last, in December, 1887, just as he was sitting down to his meal, two men rushed into his house, without knocking, and handed him a packet. He gave them his dinner, and sat down to read his letters. There was good news for him. Two new missionaries were coming to Garenganze, and were not far off. In two days more they arrived. King Msidi was delighted to welcome them, but he had now to part with his friend Monare (Mr. Arnot). For "Monare" had suffered much in health, and was quite unfit to remain any longer in Africa. He had made the way for others, and now he had to go back to England.

Through God's mercy he got better after a time, and paid two more visits to Africa. Several missionaries came with him, and other stations were founded, besides the one in the Garenganze country. Some are in the Bihé country, and others in the Lovale country, where a woman has ruled for some time. For now and then in Central Africa you may find a queen instead of a king. Many, too, heard the gospel in the Garenganze country, but King Msidi never accepted the message of God, but grew fiercer and more cruel, and was at length killed when attempting to murder an officer sent on a message to him by the Belgian king. His kingdom was broken up, and the people scattered, and the chief station in that part of the country now is on Lake Moero.

And Dick? Dick was one of the first to greet Mr. Arnot at the coast when he came back to Africa, and he became a steady and earnest worker in the Mission. Mr. Arnot was obliged to come home again once more, as he has never been well since he first visited the Barotse country. But at home he still works for the Mission which God once sent him to begin.

KAVALA ISLAND, THE HOME OF LITTLE JACK.

CHAPTER XI

THE LITTLE HERO OF TANGANYIKA

LITTLE Jack knew nothing about missionary work when he started on his own missionary travels. How should he? He was only three months old when he set out from England to reach the African coast. He went because his mother, Mrs. Hore, was going. And Mrs. Hore went because her husband, Captain Hore, was going. But where were they going, and why?

They were going to a place where no white woman or child had been before—to the shores of the great Lake Tanganyika, where Stanley met Livingstone, as I have already told you. Tanganyika is a beautiful lake, four hundred miles long from north to south, in some places fifty miles wide, but in others only fifteen. Around the coasts are mountains and forests, and in fine weather a voyage across it must be delightful. But the weather is not always fine, and sometimes the waves are rough and

stormy, and waterspouts,—that is, tall columns of water driven along by the wind, such as would almost bury a boat if they fell upon it,—may be seen. A number of different tribes live on the shores of the Lake. As late as twenty years ago no missionary except Dr. Livingstone had ever been there. And he had only passed as a traveller. No one had ever settled down to teach the people.

But when Livingstone was dead, people in England began to think of Tanganyika and the neighbourhood, as well as of other places where he had travelled. And a gentleman sent the London Missionary Society five thousand pounds to begin a mission there.

Among the first men who were sent out was Captain Hore. The directors of the Society wanted to know all about the Lake and its shores, and they wanted to have a ship which might carry missionaries across it from place to place. So they thought a sailor was the best man to manage all this. The first band of missionaries reached Ujiji, on the eastern shore of the Lake, in August, 1878.

At Ujiji lived a number of Arabs, and Arab traders were continually visiting the place. A great deal of their trade was in slaves, and there was a slave-market in the town. But the day the English missionaries arrived the slave-market was closed! The trade went on, but they did not like the English to see the market, and though some of them were friendly, others were angry at the missionaries' coming. Before I go back to little Jack I must tell you of a remarkable thing that happened there.

One day some fresh Arab traders arrived in the town, and soon after a number of them came up to the mission house with a number of their slaves, armed with guns. Captain Hore and another missionary were the only white men there, and they received the Arabs with their usual politeness, till they had got about twenty, filling up their room. These men looked very fierce

and spoke very angrily, while outside the slaves pointed their guns at the windows, and yelled and danced with excitement.

MRS. HORE AND LITTLE JACK.

They were only waiting for the word of command from their leaders to shoot the two missionaries. The two men stood calm and quiet, but their hearts went up to God in earnest prayer for

deliverance, while they asked the Arabs to tell them what they really wanted. Suddenly up got the chief Arab and said;—

"Let us get out!"

In another moment a strange fear had fallen upon them all, and they hurried to the door, pushing by one another in their haste to get out of the house. God had heard the cry of His servants, and had delivered them.

I cannot stop to tell you how Captain Hore sailed round the Lake in an Arab boat called the *Calabash*, made out of the trunk of a tree, but rigged up with masts and sails, nor how he began to build a larger ship which would be safer and more useful. For we must now go back to little Jack and his mother. It was in the year 1882 that Captain Hore, who had been home to England to see the directors of the Society, brought them to the island of Zanzibar, and thence in a boat over to the mainland, to start on their journey up the country. But on that first journey Jack and his mother were not able to get very far, and had to turn back again and go home for a time. And afterwards it was thought best to try another way, where they could go a long distance by boat. So Mrs. Hore and Jack went farther down the coast to the port of Quilimane, and there they got into a boat to go up the river Zambesi, hoping that Captain Hore would meet them. The boat had a sort of tiny house built in the stern, just big enough to hold the blankets on which they slept. It was not a pleasant voyage. In the morning there was often a thick mist on the river, so that the boatmen could hardly see their way, and they constantly ran the boat on to the muddy bank. At one place Jack's mother had a great fright. As the boat came with a lurch against the bank, a crocodile which had been enjoying a doze in the sunshine woke up, and made a dart forward as if he were just plunging into the boat. Mrs. Hore crouched up to the farthest side, holding Jack tightly in her arms, and the boat happily turned off, so that the crocodile found himself in the water. Jack, however, was not frightened, and as the boat went

on he amused himself by "fishing for crocodiles." The worst time was the night, when they were tormented by mosquitoes. At last poor Jack got sick with fever, and could do no more "fishing." Nothing was heard of Captain Hore, and it was discovered that the whole country farther on was in a state of confusion and war, and it was not safe to go on.

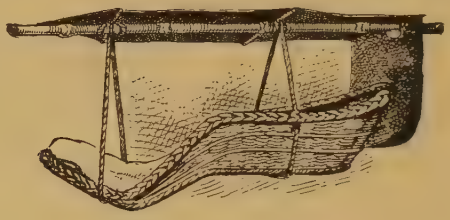
Mrs. Hore was not sorry to bring Jack back to the coast, though she felt anxious about her husband. But soon she got news from him, and not long after he joined them both, and took them again to Zanzibar, to start once more for Lake Tanganyika. Jack was about two years old when he started on his third journey.

Such a party it was that he went with! There were several missionaries, and quantities of provisions and stores of all kinds had to be taken, as well as rolls of cotton cloth to be used as money. All these had to be carried by men, for it was no use taking oxen. They had been tried before, but had nearly all been killed by the terrible tsetse-fly.

How do you think little Jack and his mother travelled? There was a bath-chair for Mrs. Hore, but the men could never have dragged it up the steep hills and through the forests; so the wheels were taken off, and it was hung by strong ropes from a stout bamboo pole. It had a waterproof awning, and curtains which could be let down if necessary. This chair was in the charge of eight porters, who carried it by turns. For little Jack there was a perambulator without wheels, which was also carried by the men. It was always close to the bath-chair, so Jack was quite happy in it for a time. But by-and-by he got fever, and had to be taken out of the perambulator into his mother's chair. There he lay in her arms, and would not be satisfied anywhere else.

The march generally began at daybreak, and at eight o'clock the party stopped for breakfast. They tried to find a place where there was a little shade, and here the foremost men would put

down a little table, and get the provisions ready by the time Jack and his mother came up. The men had a nice time to take their own meal and to rest a little, and then they went on again. For the night tents were pitched, fires lighted, and the evening meal prepared, and I think most of the party slept soundly in spite of an occasional howl, or the laugh of a hyena in the distance. Thus they went on day by day over hill and dale, through long grass and through forest, and over half-dry river beds, where the porters were in danger of sticking fast in the mud. Little Jack seems to have been a wide-awake child. He must have noticed that whenever the porters began to sing they got on better. So one day when they nearly stuck fast in the mud he called out to



MRS. HORE'S CHAIR.

his mother to tell them to sing, and very soon the difficulty was over. I do not know what these men sang, but I have heard a bright, pretty tune which some porters sing in Africa. A missionary translated the words they sang to it into English. Here they are:—

"Bump! Bump! Bump!
With branches above,
Enter we the thorn-brakes,
Enter we the thorn-brakes,
Enter we the thorn-brakes,
Thrusting on through thicket and shrub!"

At one time, when they stopped for a few days' rest, little Jack got better, and ran about gaily from tent to tent; but when

the march began again the fever came back. Mrs. Hore grew very tired of sitting day after day cramped up in a bath-chair with the child on her knee, and she longed for a little walk. So one day when they had been resting and Jack had gone to sleep, he was put into his perambulator and carried off quietly. But, alas! the porters began to shout. Jack woke up, and his mother had to take him into the chair again.

After travelling for twenty-nine days they reached Mpwapwa, a healthy place on the crest of the hills. It would have been nice to rest here, but they dared not stop for more than a day, as the hottest and driest time of year was coming on, and they knew that every day it would be more and more difficult to get water. The scarcity of water had caused a famine, and as they went on Mrs. Hore was shocked to see dead bodies lying by the wayside—bodies of those who had perished for want of food! After leaving Mpwapwa they passed through the plains of Ugogo, and here the chiefs of the different villages all wanted heavy toll paid, because there was a white woman with a child in the party. Since Captain Hore was so bold as to bring his wife and child with him through their country, they said he must pay for it!

All along the road it was hard to get food, and at length when they had a bit of uninhabited country to cross, they hardly knew what to do. The porters told Captain Hore they were very, very hungry, but he had little to give them. At last a joyful cry came from the men who were in the front of the party,—

"Corn, corn! here is food, brothers!"

Some men had met them who were carrying loads of corn to sell. Oh! how glad they were! The food was at once bought and distributed, and the missionaries thanked God and took courage.

They suffered from want of water also, but one night they got too much of it! The tents had been pitched by a clump of trees, and as the time came for retiring to rest the sky grew very cloudy and the rain began to fall. Every one was very glad, and all the

water vessels were put out to catch the precious drops that fell. Little Jack was soon fast asleep, and at last his mother fell asleep too, in spite of the pattering of the rain against the tent and the noise made by the men who were digging a trench all round lest the water should get into the tent. Suddenly Mrs. Hore woke up and saw her husband standing by her bedside with a lantern in his hand, and dripping wet. The water had come all round her bed, and she just managed to catch her shoes as they were floating by! Quickly she dressed little Jack, who was quite pleased when he saw the water.

"Mamma," he said, "we are in the baby boat!" He had been promised a pull on the water in a canoe some day, and he thought the time had come! But his father took him in his arms and ran off with him to a place of safety, and then came back to fetch his mother. They had enough water that night and the next day!

At last they reached the Arab town of Tabora. Here all the people rushed up to see the bath-chair, and the porters could hardly get along. They rested for some days in an empty house. It was very dark, very draughty, and full of cockroaches! The smells, too, were so bad that poor little Jack grew worse, and his mother was very glad when they started on the march once more. They now had more rivers to cross. One was full of water, and at last little Jack found himself in a canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, for the use of which they had to pay a high price. At another place the shores of the river were just a swamp covered with tall reeds and papyrus, and one of the men had to go on in front and make a path by thrashing down the reeds with his staff. After three hours in the swamp they reached the swift, muddy stream. Here the water was so full that the porters had to hold the chair nearly as high as their heads, and all that Jack's mother could see as she looked out was the water and the heads above it. She was very thankful when they were safe on the other side.

This was almost the last of the dangers of the journey. They

soon after reached Ujiji, having travelled over 800 miles in ninety days.

Some of the people at Ujiji greeted Captain Hore as an old friend, and were glad to see his wife and child. But he did not want to stay there. He was anxious to take little Jack and his mother to a more healthy place. And he had already found a very convenient spot where he might make his headquarters, thence to reach different parts of the lake. This was an island called Kavala. Kavala was near the farther shore, opposite Ujiji, but farther to the south. It rises high out of the lake, and is mostly covered with forest. But the natives had cleared part of it, and there were some villages with plantations. It was a healthy place, and another good thing about it was that there were no wild beasts, though there were snakes and insects.

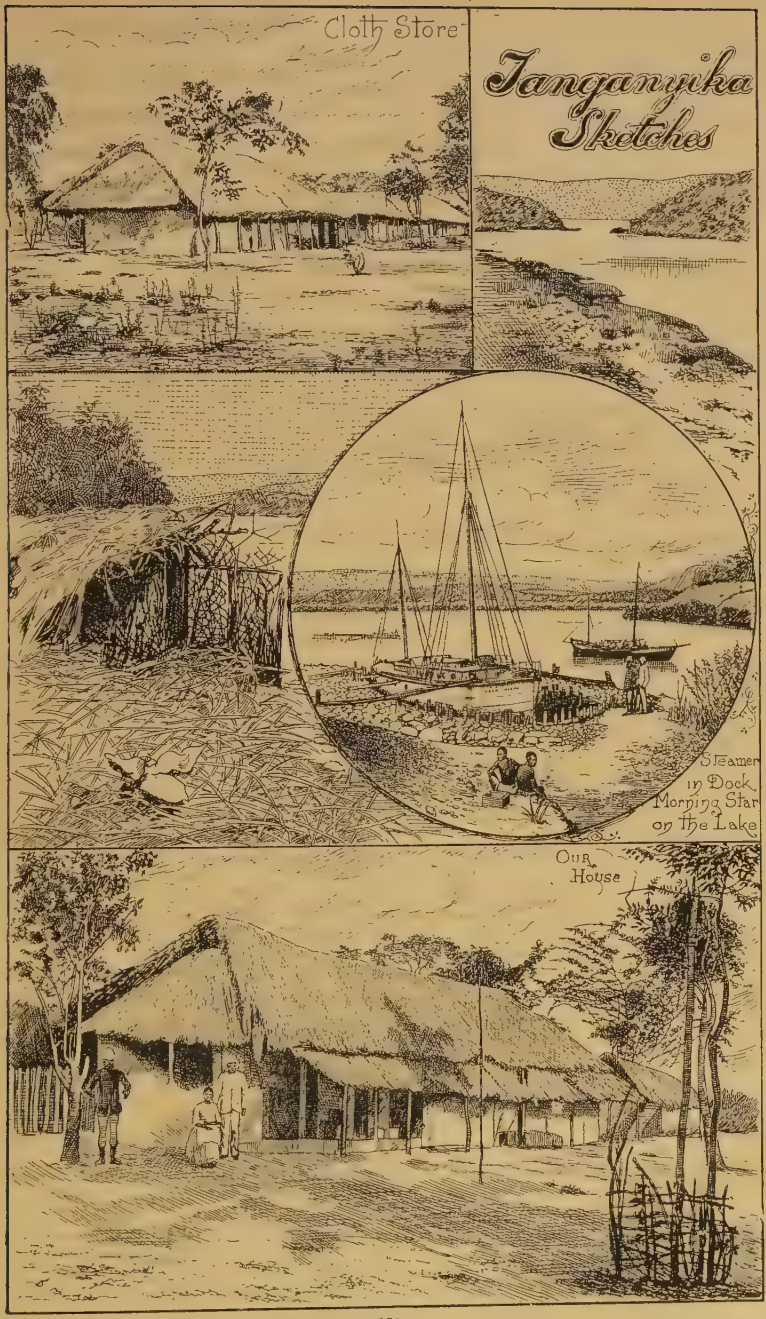
But how was the island to be reached? The *Calabash* was at the south end of the lake, where some other missionaries were living. A new boat which Captain Hore had begun to build was in the same place. And a lifeboat, brought from England, made of steel, in separate pieces, which could be carried up the country and put together when the lake was reached, had not yet arrived. He thought the best thing was to buy another boat, which would be very useful in the mission. An Arab called Mohammed had a nice one to sell, but he asked a high price for it. But, as usual with the Arabs, he was willing to take less if the buyer had patience to wait and talk over the matter. So there was a great deal of talk, and little by little the price was lowered, till at last Mohammed made a polite bow and said he would give up another hundred dollars, so that Jack and his mother might soon get to a more healthy home! Of course he got as much as the boat was really worth. It was called the *Alfajiri*, or *Dawn of Day*.

They set off one evening in the *Dawn of Day* for the island of Kavala. As night came on the waves rose high and a drizzling rain came on. Jack and his mother were in the stern of the boat, and his father put up a blanket and a waterproof sheet to keep

them from the rain and the spray. Little Jack was soon asleep, but his mother lay awake, listening to the rushing of the water, the groaning of the planks, and the songs of the rowers. The morning brought fine weather, and Jack was delighted to wake and find himself in the boat, and hear the singing of the men. At two o'clock in the afternoon they reached the harbour of Kavala, and soon they were climbing the steep hill to a spot where stood a few mud huts. Little Jack's great missionary journey was over.

Now began the missionary life at Kavala. Jack and his mother began it in a mud hut, with a door made of reeds, and hung on two loops of cord for hinges. Unfortunately it was very damp, and the roof had to be covered with tarpaulin to keep out the rain. But they managed to live there until a better house was ready for them. Little Jack was still very weak, and thin, and poorly. One of the native women said he was "all bones and no meat"! He had to be fed on milk, and rubbed all over with oil, and by-and-by the fresh air of the Lake helped, by God's blessing, to make him strong again.

Captain Hore had to go off to the south of the Lake to look after the boat he was building there, and Mrs. Hore and Jack were now left alone with the native servants from Zanzibar. One day Mrs. Hore thought she would like to take a walk and visit her neighbours. All the servants put on their best clothes and followed, to "take care of her," they said; and wherever they passed the natives came out and followed too, till she had quite a procession behind her! The chiefs of the village received her in state, and all the people crowded round to see the white woman. Mrs. Hore was puzzled what to say, for she hardly knew anything of the language yet, but she found the people were quite satisfied as long as they could stare at her! The chief's wife said she had the toothache, and went home with her to get some medicine. All the crowd followed them and wanted to come in too, but the servants managed to keep them out.


Cloth Store
Tanganyika Sketches
Steamer in Dock Morning Star on the Lake
Our House

Quietly and surely Mrs. Hore won her way among the people, and as little Jack grew stronger he became a great favourite with every one, and the natives were all the more friendly with his father and mother because of their little boy. One day the chief servant came running to Mrs. Hore in great excitement.

"Mistress!" he said, "the big ship is coming!" It was true. The *Good News* was so far ready that Captain Hore was able to bring her over to Kavala, and great was the joy when he landed safely in the harbour. Now he set to work to finish the vessel, and fit her up with masts, etc., and by-and-by a boiler and engines were added, so that she became a steamer!

Captain Hore had many a voyage to make to visit other parts of the Lake, and Mrs. Hore worked on quietly at Kavala. When little Jack got strong, she began a little school for girls, which she held in the verandah of the house. She taught them reading, writing, and sewing, and when a girl had made a little dress she was allowed to have it for her own. Little Jack was always in school too, for his mother could not leave him alone. He learned the same hymns as the girls learned, and in the same language. He used to sing with them,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

and

"We plough the fields, and scatter."

And they were so pleased to have the little white boy singing with them. So you see Jack had a little missionary work of his own! By-and-by Mrs. Hore told her husband she wanted a proper school-house, and as she had now between thirty and forty girls learning, he had a little school built for her. A school was begun for boys too, and a little church built where service was held on Sundays. But though other missionaries came out, Mrs. Hore and Jack were often alone at Kavala.

At last, after more than ten years of hard work, and travelling, and voyages up and down the Lake, Captain Hore felt that he

must have rest. Several devoted missionaries, true "heroes," of whom I have not told you, had died in the midst of their work. One of them was the great and good Dr. Mullens, the secretary of the London Missionary Society, who went to help on the work in Central Africa at a time of great need, and died on the journey. Another was Dr. Southon, of whom you read last year. But the mission was prospering, so Captain Hore felt he was free to go home with his wife and child. Mrs. Hore, as well as her husband, was very sorry to leave the home at Kavala, and the friendly people and the boys and girls whom they taught to know something "of Jesus and His love." Once more little Jack had a long journey to take. He got home safe, but not very strong. And not long afterwards the Good Shepherd, who carries the lambs in His arms, took His missionary child home to Himself. So all little Jack's journeys were over at last, and he was safe and happy with the Lord Jesus.

UNYAMWEZI.

NATIVE OF THE CONGO STATE.

CHAPTER XII

HEROES OF THE CONGO

ONE day, at a large missionary meeting at Exeter Hall, an African boy stood up to speak. He had been fifteen months in England. In those fifteen months he had learned to speak and to write a little English, and he had seen a great many things which were new, and strange, and wonderful, to him. Although he found people in England very kind, he was glad when the time came for him to go back to his own country. But there was one thing about which he was anxious. He wanted more missionaries to go out and teach his countrymen. And when he was told to stand up and tell the people what he wanted, he first said that his people "wanted gospel," and then went on,—

"Isn't it a shame to keep gospel for yourself? Not meant for England only; my people wanting gospel."

If you could have had a chat with Bompole, you would not have wondered that he was so eager about this. You might

have heard him say—as he did to other friends when they were quiet together,—

"My father was chief of Wangata people. He was kind of king. When my father died my big brother went and caught two people, one man and one woman. Then they cry in streets to tell people king is dead. All his daughters together must buy one man; all his wives together buy one man, and one wife king bought *before* he died to kill *when* he died. Five to be killed, one man and one woman caught, and these three others. They killed them to give king water after he died, and to keep him warm in grave. They put three in grave, one under head for pillow, one under feet, and one in middle under king. The other two they killed by hanging. They put the heads upon a stick in king's yard, to show that king was rich. *My people thought this very good before missionaries came.*"

I think you will agree with him that his people "wanted gospel" badly.

Bompole came from a part of Africa of which I have not yet told you. If you look at the map, on the western side, you will see a good way south of the Gulf of Guinea, the mouth of the great river called the Congo. The Congo is one of the three largest rivers of the world. And its basin—that is, the country through which flows the main stream and the other streams that join it—would fill all the centre of Europe, France, Holland and Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and even beyond these countries. The Portuguese settled near the mouth of the river three hundred years ago, but they knew nothing of the country farther on. It has only been known within the last thirty years.

When Livingstone was on his solitary travels near Lake Tanganyika, he discovered a river called the Lualaba. He was very curious to know more about this river, because he thought it might be the beginning of the Nile, and he did not want to come home till he had found this out. He made a mistake, for the Lualaba never joins the Nile; but he died without discovering it.

But Henry Stanley, who had made his first journey to Africa in order to find and to help the great traveller, came out a second time, after Livingstone's death, to explore more of the country. After travelling all round the Victoria Nyanza (Krapf's "Great Lake," discovered first by Captain Speke), and also round Tanganyika, he turned westward, and marched three or four hundred miles through the forest till he reached a swift-flowing river, a mile wide from bank to bank. This was the Lualaba, and he found that farther on it is called the Congo. In fact, it is the beginning of the Congo.

Stanley determined to follow this river all the way till it flowed out into the sea, though the country through which it passed was quite unknown. Canoes were built from the trees which grew on its banks, and then the journey began. For four months he travelled down this wide river, often in danger from the cannibal tribes who lived on its shores, and often in want of food. Then he came to a place where the canoes could not pass. The river was hemmed in and made quite narrow by great rocky cliffs on either side of it, and it rushed down a steep bed, forming falls, and rapids, and cataracts for many miles, with here and there a reach of calm water between. The canoes had to be dragged overland past every stormy bit of the river, and it took four months more to do this. But at last all the falls and cataracts were passed, the sea soon came in sight, and the long journey across Africa was ended.

It was from the banks of this river that Bompole came, and it is here that his people, a tribe called Balolo, live. When Stanley made his long and difficult journey down the river, he passed numbers of different tribes; and not one of them had ever heard of Christ and of eternal life through Him! These tribes are not friendly with one another. If a man left his own town or village and went to another, he would find himself in the midst of enemies, and he would be in danger of losing his life.

About the same time that the London Missionary Society were

TRAVELLING IN THE CONGO COUNTRY.

thinking of sending missionaries to Tanganyika, some other Christian people were talking together of the needs of the Congo, and wishing to send the gospel to these tribes up the river who had never yet been reached by any missionary.

In Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness' East London Missionary Institute was planned the Livingstone Inland Mission, in the year 1877. Their first missionary was Henry Craven, who started with one companion to prepare the way. The beginning was not easy. Everything was new and strange—the people, the climate, the language. There were many things to learn, and there was very little help to be got from the natives. Mr. Craven went forward bravely, built himself a little house, and planted a garden. He soon picked up enough of the language to begin speaking to the people, and some of them sent their boys to be taught, while some slave-boys were ransomed, adopted, and trained to help in the mission. Two more missionaries soon followed. When they were saying good-bye to the friends who sent them out, one of them, named Telford, said something which sounded a little strange to those who were present, although they knew of the difficulties and dangers which lay before the two men. He said,—

"I should rejoice if only I may give my body as one of the stones to pave the road, and my blood to cement the stones together, so that others may pass over into Congo Land."

He was a strong man, and his friends hoped he might live to work long in the country; but no doubt the Lord whom he served was preparing him for sufferings and death. Not long after he arrived on the Congo he was taken ill with fever when quite alone at a new station. As soon as the other missionaries heard of his illness they made haste to go to him, but they found him already dying! While in prayer his spirit passed away to be with the Lord. His two companions had now to dig the first Christian grave in those regions, and bury their dear comrade. Mr. Telford was the first of many brave and devoted men who laid down their lives for Christ's sake on the Congo. And not men only, but

women too went out, knowing that hardship and sickness, and perhaps death, awaited them. It would take too long to tell you of them all!

The first mission stations were planted on the Lower Congo, that is, in the region of the cataracts. But the directors of the mission were anxious to send the gospel to the tribes living farther on, on the Upper Congo, and they planned a fresh expedition with more missionaries. For this expedition more money was needed, and when the need was known it came in, sometimes in large sums, sometimes in small. A nobleman sent £160, other friends £100 each. Some sent a few shillings: some little children gave all their pocket money, and a poor washerwoman made a collection among her friends. Who was to be its leader? God sent a man who appeared to be just the one fitted for the work. His name was Adam McCall. He knew South Africa well; he had been an architect and surveyor in Government service, and he had travelled some thousands of miles and visited the mission stations in Bechuana Land, and in other parts. But he had not then thought of being a missionary himself, for he did not yet know Christ as his own Saviour. He was a brave man, and had spent many a day in lonely places, hunting elephants, buffaloes, and other animals. When on a visit home in England, his mind, or rather his heart, was changed. He had intended to go back to Africa to explore more of the country. But the Lord Jesus met him, as He once met Saul of Tarsus when Saul was going his own way. And when McCall had once had a sight of Jesus in his heart, he could only say, like Saul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And he quickly felt that the answer was given, and that the Lord wished him to go back to Africa and bring the tidings of a Saviour to the heathen. So he offered himself for the Congo Mission.

I have not yet told you the way missionaries take to reach the Congo. They take a steamer which goes through the Bay of Biscay, past the coast of Portugal, stops at the beautiful island of

Madeira, then at Sierra Leone, and after calling at other ports farther on, proceeds to Banana, at the mouth of the great river. At some of the ports there are Kroomen ready to be hired. These Kroomen are a very active and energetic race, and make good servants and helpers in work. Now the Congo missionaries needed such servants to help them in carrying their stores, and in other work, for they could get no help from the natives of the country. So twenty-five Kroomen were engaged by Mr. McCall for a year, which is as long as they will promise to stay. At first none were willing to go. They said Congo Land was "a bad country, and plenty jigger" (a jigger is a little insect which attacks your feet, and burrows in them). But when they found it was a *missionary* party they were asked to join, they changed their minds.

WOMAN OF THE CONGO STATE.

"Oh! then you be good men: you do us right; me go!"

One asked if there was a church on the Congo.

"No; but we are going to try and raise one."

"Oh! I'm so glad; I'm a Church member!" and he showed them his card of membership and his hymn-book.

Sad news met them at Banana. Another missionary had just died. He was taken ill, like Telford, when alone among the heathen, and when help arrived he was already near death, and quickly passed away. The party now went up the river as far as a boat could take them, and erected a little station called Matadi. Then they advanced farther on. They had brought a supply of donkeys with them, but the donkeys turned out a complete failure.

To get them across the river and up the steep hills was a difficult piece of work, and as they generally had to be unloaded before going uphill and the loads carried up after them, they were not much use. Then, from one cause or another, half of them died on the journey. So donkeys had to be given up. They could get no natives to hire themselves out as porters. And as the Kroomen had to be sent back in a year's time, they dared not go on far. At last, reaching a part of the river where it was safe to use boats, McCall hired two large canoes and went on to a place called Bemba. It was not as far as Stanley Pool, where he hoped to go, but it was as far as he could get just then.

At Bemba, while one of the party was busy going up and down the river to fetch the stores, the rest set to work to build a mission house. They chose a beautiful spot on a hill, which they called Mount Pleasant. Here they spent some months. They found the natives friendly, and longed for the time when they should be able to preach the gospel to them in their own tongue. They were getting on hopefully, when one day bad news arrived. One of the Kroomen ran in while they were at breakfast, to say the canoe was coming up the river. Down to the shore they ran to meet the messenger, who was bringing them stores and letters. But the first words he said were,—

"McKergow is dead."

This was a young missionary who had lately come out, and was at a station lower down the river, called Palambala.

"Dead?" exclaimed McCall.

"Yes, sir, and *there is dead news for you, sir.*"

It was too true. Not only had the young missionary been called away, but a letter from England brought the news that McCall's father had died suddenly. And this was not all. There were troubles at the other mission stations, and the new station at Matadi had been destroyed by a violent tornado, or storm of wind.

The ninety-first Psalm was read, and the whole party prayed

for help and guidance. But McCall was nearly stunned by the sudden shock. That night he could not sleep, and he was seized with severe illness. Before he had properly recovered he had to start off from Bemba to visit the other stations. By the way he was overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm, and had to creep into a hammock, where he lay all night, wet and weary. The next day he was stiff and giddy, but he struggled through the long grass, all dripping with water, and at last reached the station at Banza Mateka, where Mr. and Mrs. Richards welcomed and took care of him.

It was about this time that he had a fight with a boa-constrictor, of which I must tell you. The creature had stolen and devoured a young kid which belonged to the mission house. While McCall was busy at work he heard another kid crying out as if it were suffocated. He ran out with a gun, and there was the huge snake which had coiled itself quite round the poor little kid. He fired at once, and the snake let go the kid, and tried to wriggle away down a cave, but McCall fired again, and when he was quite sure it was dead, he seized it by the tail and dragged it out. When it was measured, he found it was nine feet six inches long.

From Banza Mateka McCall had to go down to the coast to meet a fresh party of missionaries. Mr. Craven, the first who had come out, was going home with his wife for rest and change, so McCall had to take charge of the whole mission. The sea air gave him new strength for a time, but by-and-by he grew worse again, and he knew it was necessary for him to go back to England. But he resolved first to take the missionaries as far as Palambala, and arrange several matters there. When the place was reached where the party had to leave the boat, he was too ill to walk. A sort of hammock was rigged up for him, and he was carried on. But the road was rough, and twice the bearers let the sick man fall, and he arrived at Palambala very ill and in great pain. Still he went to work, arranging what was to be

done, and dictating letters for two days. Then he was carried down to the boat again, and before long he had taken steamer for England, hoping soon to recover and return to the Congo. He was delighted to hear that a steamer had been given to the mission, and he hoped when he got back again to take the steamer up to Stanley Pool, and there launch her on the broad river.

But it was not to be. As he drew nearer home, McCall got gradually worse. When he reached Madeira, he was too ill to go any farther. He was well cared for there, and a minister who visited him told his friends afterwards about his last hours. He had longed very much to go back to Africa and work for the Lord Jesus there, but he was content that the Lord's will should be done. Here are some of his last words, spoken very slowly in prayer,—

"If it please Thee—to take myself—instead of the work I would do for Thee,—what is that to me? Thy will be done!"

It *did* please the Lord to take him. Christ wanted this faithful servant home in His own presence. His mother and brother had hurried off from England to Madeira to see him once more, but by the time they arrived all his sufferings were over, and he was *present with the Lord.*

What became of the work? God does not let His work suffer because He calls His children home. He raised up another man to go out and found a station at Stanley Pool. And by-and-by, after many difficulties, the *Henry Reed* steamer was launched on the Upper Congo.

At first the natives could not understand the death of so many who had come out to teach them. They used to say: "The white man's country must be a very bad one, since they prefer coming to live with us, though our climate kills them." Afterwards they understood it better. This was the way a boy who was a convert of the Baptist Missionary Society put the matter. Writing to some friends in England, he said,—

"Another matter about God's white men we are much surprised at, that they leave their fine country to come to our wild country, and the trouble they have in travelling, and their dying, they do not consider, because out of their pity they desire to snatch us out of the hand of the devil, and to show us the path of our Saviour Jesus Christ. And we too, we like them very much from the bottom of all our heart."

CHIEF'S HUT—WOMEN MAKING FENCE.

The Baptist Missionary Society had begun to work on the Congo nearly at the same time as the Livingstone Inland Mission, and had also suffered many losses. Its first missionaries were Thomas Comber and Mr. Grenfell, and in the first six years seven of their fellow-labourers died, including Comber's wife and his brother. Mr. Comber himself had ten years of work on the Congo, and then the Master's home-call came for him also. But in that time he had planted several stations, many people had heard the

gospel, and a steam-launch, the *Peace*, had been launched on the river by Mr. Grenfell.

Meanwhile, Dr. Sims, who succeeded McCall, had reached Stanley Pool, passed the cataracts, and founded a station at Leopoldville. Not an African name, you will say! No; the name means the town of Leopold. Leopoldville was the first European settlement on the Upper Congo, and was founded by Mr. Stanley, and named after the King of the Belgians. For while the first missionaries were working on the river, Mr. Stanley was travelling up and down it also, making treaties with the chiefs of the various tribes, in order that Europeans might carry on peaceful trade with the country. The result of what he did was that the larger part of the Congo basin became what is now called the Congo Free State, under the protection of the Belgian king. This state reaches as far inland as Lake Tanganyika, and just touches the shore of Lake Bangweolo. It is not at present quite as prosperous as the founders hoped, for the Arabs, who do not like their slave-raiding stopped, still give a great deal of trouble in that part which is farthest from the sea.

In the year 1884 the mission had grown and prospered so greatly, that Mr. and Mrs. Guinness and their helpers at home, who had many other matters on their hands, proposed to the American Baptists, who were looking out for a suitable spot to work in Africa, to take over the care of the mission. The Americans were quite willing, and as the missionaries at work on the Congo were willing too, the matter was soon settled. Only it was thought best that some Swedes who were there should remain separate, and form a little Swedish mission, supported from their own country. In the same year, 1884, a very large blessing came upon the mission. It had been seed-time before. Now there was a plenteous harvest. Hundreds of people came forward to be baptized, whose hearts had been really renewed by the Holy Spirit, and who afterwards led true and faithful lives to the glory of God. At Banza Mateka crowds came

every day to hear the word of God. Their heathen charms were thrown away, and soon there were large congregations worshipping God with gladness, and singing His praises with all their hearts, and there was great rejoicing all through the mission. The Christians too began to take their share in what they called "witnessing," that is, telling their heathen neighbours about the Saviour, and they persevered even when they were abused and threatened with death.

Now I must tell you about that part of the Congo from which Bompole came. The farthest mission station on the river was at Equatorville, a good way beyond Leopoldville. Some way past Equatorville the river makes a bend, and forms a large half-circle. In the upper part of this half-circle live a people called the Balolo. The country they occupy is nearly five times as large as England! They are strong, intelligent, and industrious, and not as wild and uncivilized as many of the tribes on the river. But up to 1884 no missionary had ever visited them, and they lived in dark, heathen superstition like their neighbours. A young missionary, Mr. McKittrick, who went out in that year, and worked for some time at Equatorville, visited the Balolo, and became much interested in them. It was here that Bompole lived, and when Mr. McKittrick came home to England, the boy came with him. Not only Bompole, but Mr. McKittrick too, told his friends in England that the Balolo "wanted gospel." And as the American Baptist Mission had plenty to do already, and did not want to start any stations farther on, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness and their helpers determined to take up the work, and they founded the Congo-Balolo Mission in 1888. Mr. McKittrick, after labouring there for a time, was called to be with the Lord, but his wife is still at work, caring for Congo boys, and the gospel of Christ is spreading around the banks of the great river.

CHAPTER XIII

HEROES OF UGANDA (PART I)

"My second letter to my dear friend Wite Men. I send this my servant that you may come quickly, and let not this my servant come without you. This from me, Mtesa, King of Uganda."

THIS letter was brought one day to some Englishmen travelling in Africa. Do you want to know who the king was, and why he was in such a hurry to see his "dear friend Wite Men"? I will tell you about the king first.

Mtesa was one of the great kings in Africa. He ruled over many thousands of people. He had many chiefs under him, who helped him to rule. He had an army of soldiers, and a fleet too —not of large ships, but of canoes, and an "admiral" in charge of it. All the country round feared King Mtesa; for he was strong, and his people were brave, and many kings acknowledged him as their master, and paid him tribute.

I must tell you where his country was. You remember how Rebmann and Erhardt drew a map of an enormous lake in East Central Africa, which turned out to be really *three* lakes instead of one—Nyassa, Tanganyika, and the Victoria Nyanza, which was discovered by Captain Speke in the year 1858. You have heard about the first of these two lakes, and now you shall hear about the third, the Victoria Lake, for Nyanza (and Nyassa too) means "lake." The Victoria Nyanza is not so long as the other two lakes, but much broader, and it is nearly as large as Ireland. What made this lake specially interesting was that the great river Nile, of which so many travellers had tried to find the source,

flows out of it on the north, and is fed by its waters. Many smaller rivers flow *into* it, and it has quite a ring of islands all round the coast. Uganda lies on the north-eastern shore of this Lake. It is a beautiful country, and has hills sometimes covered with groves of plantains and bananas, and sometimes looking like an English park. But now and then there are swamps between the hills, which it is difficult to cross.

When Speke first discovered the Lake, he knew nothing about this country of Uganda. But three years afterwards he paid a visit to it, and was well received by the king. Mtesa had not then been long on the throne. Terrible things had been done at the funeral of his father, Suna. Two thousand people were killed as an offering to the spirit of the dead king; and Mtesa put all his own brothers to death, lest they should dispute the throne with him. Twelve years after Speke left, the great traveller Stanley, of whom I told you in Chapter XII., launched the first English boat upon the Lake, and visited Uganda. Mtesa was now older, and no longer the vain and foolish young man whom Speke had described. He had learned many things from the Arab traders who came to his court, and Stanley was much struck with him, and with the country altogether. Stanley did not see the cruelties which were going on day by day, the people who had their ears, or noses, or hands cut off, or their eyes put out, for displeasing the king or one of the chiefs, the poor victims who were tortured or killed, and the fierce attacks made by the king's chiefs on neighbouring tribes, in order that they might get slaves to sell to the Arabs. But he knew it would be a good thing for the people to have Christian teachers. So he talked to the king about Christianity. He told him that it was the word of God—the Bible—which had made England so prosperous; and when the king heard that, he said he would like English teachers to come and teach it to him and his people. He promised that he would give them land to build on, and all that they wanted; and Stanley wrote all this to one of the London newspapers.

So one morning the people in England, turning over the pages of the *Daily Telegraph*, saw in it a letter from the traveller, asking that Christian teachers might be sent to this far-away country, the name of which was hardly known. The letter was read by many. Those who had watched and cared for the work of Krapf, and Rebmann in East Africa, of whom I told you in Chapter V., began to wonder if God was really opening the way for them to send the gospel farther into the interior. And three days later a letter came to the Church Missionary Society, containing five thousand pounds to start a mission for Uganda. Another five thousand came a few days later, and then other sums of money; and after prayer and careful thought it was determined to start the mission, and to ask for volunteers to go on the long and difficult journey and begin the new work.

The first band of missionaries consisted of eight men, but one died soon after reaching the coast, and it was not long before two were so ill that they soon had to return home. The other five all reached the Lake, but only three ever reached Uganda! I must tell you something about them. One of them had been a sailor, a young lieutenant in the navy, and was called George Shergold Smith. He had been out in the first war against the King of Ashanti in West Africa, and got to know something of the Africans, and to care for them. But one of his eyes had been seriously hurt by the climate, so he had left the navy and intended to become a clergyman. When he heard that missionaries were wanted for Uganda, he wrote and asked to be sent out. He said he would do anything, he would take the lowest place of all, if only he might tell the Africans of Christ. But the committee thought he was the right man to be the *head* of the party, so they appointed him leader. Another was a young Scotch gentleman, then working as an engineer at Berlin, who had long wished to be a missionary. Alexander Mackay, was the son of a minister, and from a boy he had taken pains to learn everything that he thought useful. Once when his father went to Edinburgh,

and asked what book he should bring him home as a present, he asked for a printing-press instead. And he learned to use it, too. Then there was Mr. Wilson, a young clergyman, Mr. O'Neill, an architect, and a young doctor from Edinburgh, a friend of Mackay's, called John Smith.

When they were taking leave of the Church Missionary Committee, Mackay said,—

"I want to say one thing. Probably in six months you will hear that one of us is dead! It may be myself; but when you hear it, do not be discouraged, but send out another missionary to take the vacant place."

But Mackay lost one companion after the other, and was the one whom God spared to work the longest.

I am not going to tell you about the journey, for I have already told you of many African journeys. It was wearisome, difficult, and dangerous. The party started from the coast opposite Zanzibar. A good part of the way they went by the same route as the missionaries for Lake Tanganyika, and it was six months before the foremost of them reached the south end of the Victoria Nyanza. Here Dr. John Smith died, and was buried on the shore of the Lake. He was sorely missed by his companions. And here a boat called the *Daisy*, which had been carried up from the coast in sections, had to be put together and launched. While the missionaries were here a letter arrived from King Mtesa, written by a boy who had learned some English at the coast. It was to say that the king had heard of their arrival, and wanted them to come on quickly. And after the first letter came a second, of which you have read a part. At last the *Daisy* was ready, and Lieutenant Smith, with Mr. Wilson, started off in her to cross the Lake to Uganda. Mr. O'Neill stayed behind at an island called Ukerewe to get ready another boat. And Mackay, who had been ill, had been ordered back by Dr. Smith before the death of the latter, and had gone down to the coast.

The *Daisy* made a prosperous voyage, but the missionaries

nearly lost their lives on the way. Passing a small island, they thought they would land to cook their food. They saw a number of natives gathered on the shore, but the shouts which came over the water were so musical and pleasant that they took them for cries of welcome. They were really war-cries, and if a rock in the water had not stopped the progress of the boat, the missionaries would have gone right into the arms of their enemies. As the boat turned to avoid the rock, a shower of arrows and stones came upon them. Mr. Wilson's arm was pierced by a poisoned arrow, and Lieutenant Smith's eye was struck by a stone. It was his good eye, and he was nearly blinded, but he immediately began to suck the wound in Mr. Wilson's arm to get the poison out. The arm was soon well again, but Smith never recovered the proper use of his eye.

Thanking God for preserving their lives, they went on, and the next evening at sunset they anchored in Murchison Bay, Uganda; while the following day the king's messengers took them up to the king's capital, Rubaga. They had a grand reception. Two lines of soldiers, dressed in white, were drawn up at the gate of the "palace," which, though built of grass, was large and lofty. The king and all his chiefs were there, dressed in fine Turkish costumes, which they had got from the Arab traders. Mtesa was delighted to see them, and when the name of JESUS CHRIST was mentioned, he ordered loud rejoicings to be made. But he did not know what that Name meant! Next day he asked if they had brought the "Book." They told him they had, and they hoped before long to translate it into his language. He gave them a piece of land to build on, and ordered a grass house to be put up for them.

Lieutenant Smith did not stay long at Rubaga. He had been charged to explore certain parts of the Lake, and some of the rivers that flowed into it, so he left Mr. Wilson at Rubaga, and sailed back to join Mr. O'Neill at Ukerewe.

When he had finished the work of exploring, he prepared to

VIEW OF MENGO FROM KAMPALA.

start once more for Uganda with Mr. O'Neill. But an Arab, of whom the missionaries had bought a boat, quarrelled with the King of Ukerewe, and fled to them for protection. The king sent his men to attack the whole party. The missionaries might have saved themselves by giving up the Arab, but this they would not do. The king's soldiers fell upon them, and killed all the party, except the interpreter, Hassani, and two servants of the Arab, who managed to hide themselves. These men carried the mournful tidings farther, and by-and-by a telegram from the coast reached England with the words,—

"*Smith and O'Neill murdered!*"

Only two of the band of five were now left. Mr. Wilson was alone in Uganda. It was June when he arrived there. Christmas came without any news of his companions, and at length, on the last day of the year (1877), Hassani brought him the sad news! Mr. Mackay was on the road up to the Lake, and when he heard what had happened he hastened on with all speed. But it was not till the following summer that he and Mr. Wilson met one another at the south end of the Lake, and were able to go on together to Uganda.

You will want to know how the work went on there, and whether the king continued friendly. He was very changeable. Sometimes the missionaries were in great favour; sometimes in want and in danger. Sometimes the king told all his people to go to them and learn to read the Word of God; sometimes he forbade any one to do so! But little by little the young men, the king's own servants especially, did come, and did learn. Mr. Wilson's health failed, and he had to return home, but other missionaries came out and stayed for a time. Mackay was the only one who remained on, year after year, quietly working, teaching, translating, and printing, making himself very useful to King Mtesa, and filling the people with wonder at all the things he was able to do. But he had some very bitter enemies at Mtesa's court. These were the Arabs, who more than once persuaded the king

to call himself a Mohammedan. They hated the English, and especially Mackay, because he told the king it was wrong to buy and sell slaves. One day Mackay gave a lecture on the human body, showing how wonderfully God had made it, and asked the king whether such a work of God ought to be sold for a bit of cloth.

I daresay you wonder whether the people of Uganda had any religion of their own. Yes; they thought there was a God who had made all things, but they fancied He troubled Himself no more about the things He had made. They worshipped spirits, which they called *lubari*. And they used to hang "charms," made of grass, bark-cloth, and other things, on the doors of their huts, and wear them, too, in order to keep off evil spirits. The lubari priests were great enemies to the missionaries. Then I am sorry to tell you there was another difficulty. A party of French Roman Catholic priests came out to Uganda nearly two years after the English missionaries, and told the king that the Protestants were wrong. Mtesa did not altogether believe them, but he liked having two sets of white men at his capital, and when he wanted an excuse for remaining a heathen, he said he did not know which of them was right.

But meanwhile some of his young servants opened their hearts to the Word of God, and to the leading of the Holy Spirit. There were two lads who used to come and read with Mr. Pearson, who was a short time in the country. These two, whose names were Duta and Mukassa, were one day put in the stocks by the king for saying the white man's religion was right; and soon after they were tied up and sent away into the country, that they might forget what they had learned. But they did not forget it! Then there was a chief who liked to visit another missionary, Mr. Litchfield, and hear about the life and death of the Lord Jesus. One of the chief's slaves, called Sembera, used to come often to read with Mackay. One day he brought the missionary a letter he had written with a piece of pointed spear-grass, and some ink he had made. This was the letter:—

"Bwana Mackay, Sembera has come with compliments, and to give you great news. Will you baptize him, because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?"

It was a joyful day for the missionaries when the first converts were baptized. Sembera was one, and he took the name of Mackay, and Mukassa was another. Duta had been released, and had gone down to the coast with Mr. Pearson; he went to Bishop Steere's school in Zanzibar, and was baptized there by the name of Henry Wright. This was in the year 1882.

Only a couple of months later another band of missionaries started for the Lake. Their leader was called James Hannington. He was a remarkable man, strong, active, and brave. It was the news of the deaths of Shergold Smith and O'Neill that made him first wish to go to Africa. He suffered so much on the journey to the Lake that at last it was impossible for him to go any farther. Sorrowfully he had to turn back again, so ill that he had to be carried in a rough litter. His sorrow was not for himself, but for the work he had to leave. He was content to die or live, as God should please. His native servants could not understand it.

"Master is sure to die," they said. "He *must* die; but how is it that master is always so happy?"

Only one of the party who started with him went on to Uganda, Mr. Ashe. Mr. Gordon and the others remained to work at the south of the Lake. But Mr. Gordon went to Uganda some years later, and he is there now.

Hannington had brought a mission-boat up the country with him, which was much needed, for the *Daisy* was quite worn out. The new boat was called the *Eleanor*, and was carried up in sections, and left on the shore until Mackay came to put it together. The pieces were so injured that he had a difficult task, but he succeeded in completing it, and the *Eleanor* did good work for some years. As the mission stores were kept at the south end of the Lake, she had to make many a voyage across it.

Hannington got safe home to England, and recovered his health. And the very next year, 1884, he started off again, having been made Bishop of "Eastern Equatorial Africa"—that is, of the part where the missionaries were working. For there were stations on the road to Uganda, of which I have not time to tell you, besides Frere Town on the coast, and some other places which I mentioned in Chapter V. When he had reached Africa, he determined to try a new and a shorter road to reach Uganda. And the news he heard made him the more anxious to lose no time on the way.

The missionaries—Mackay, Mr. Ashe, and Mr. O'Flaherty—had been passing through a time of much anxiety and sorrow. In October, 1884, King Mtesa died—died without accepting the gospel of Christ, which he had heard so often and knew so well. His son Mwanga, who was only eighteen, was chosen to succeed him. There were no human sacrifices offered for King Mtesa's spirit, and Mwanga's brothers were not put to death. But the new king began to listen to the Arabs, and became very unfriendly to the missionaries.

One day, the chief of the king's body-guard, a man called Mujasi, seized three boys who were friends of the missionaries. Their names were Seruwanga, Kakumba and Lugalama. Seruwanga, the eldest, was about fifteen. Lugalama, a little fellow whom Mr. Ashe had taken under his care, was only ten or eleven. These boys were taunted with being Christians, and taken away to the borders of a dismal swamp, a crowd following and mocking them.

"You know Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ); you know how to read. You believe you will rise from the dead. Well, I shall burn you, and see if it be so."

So said the cruel Mujasi. Then a rude scaffold was set up and heaped with firewood. The boys are said to have answered bravely and faithfully; but little Lugalama begged that his persecutors would *only* throw him into the fire, and not torture him

first. But their hearts were hard and bitter. There was first the sword and afterwards the fire, and quickly the spirits of the young martyrs went home to the Lord who loved them, and who had enabled them to be His witnesses, even unto death!

One of the men standing by was looking on sorrowfully. He was a Christian, named Kidza. Mujasi turned upon him in a rage,—

"I will burn you too, and your household; I know you are a follower of Isa (Jesus)."

"Yes, I am," said Kidza, "and I am not ashamed of it."

It was he who brought the news to the missionaries who had tried to get the boys released, but in vain. That night Mackay wrote in his diary: "Our hearts breaking." A guard was set to watch the mission house, and Mujasi declared he would burn any one who went near it. But some brave converts did venture, when it was dark, to visit their teacher. At length the king began to think he had gone too far. He had the guard removed, and sent Mujasi away, and greater numbers than ever now flocked to the mission house to learn.

But, knowing how unfriendly Mwanga had shown himself to the missionaries, Bishop Hannington was more than ever eager to reach Uganda, to strengthen their hands. He did not know that his own coming was rousing Mwanga's anger yet further.

I told you he was coming by a new route. Only one traveller (not a missionary) had ever gone that way before, and he had had to turn back without reaching Uganda. It was much shorter than the old way, but it led through countries almost unknown, and over high mountains. Besides that, it passed through the land of the Masai, a very fierce and warlike people, whom every one dreaded. But it led up to Uganda round the northern end of the Lake, so that the traveller had not to cross the water at all. And this was just why the king and his chiefs did not like it. They called it the "back-door" into the country, and the king said he would not allow any white man to come by that door! Mackay sent word to the Bishop not to try it, but he had already

AFRICAN VILLAGE.

started, and Mwanga was very much displeased. He said he was sure the white men meant to "eat up" his country some day—that is, to take it for their own. And though Mackay told him the Bishop was a man of peace, coming to teach the word of God, he would not be satisfied.

Meanwhile, Hannington was on his journey. He would not take another white man with him, on account of the danger; but he took an African clergyman from Frere Town, called Jones. He wrote to his wife, saying that their watchword must be, "We will trust, and not be afraid." He passed safely through the midst of the fierce Masai, who came about him like a swarm of bees ready to sting. He crossed the mountains and came down to the plains near the head of the Lake. Here he left Mr. Jones and the greater number of his men while he went forward with only a few. He got into the country of Usoga, which is only separated from Uganda by the river Nile, and climbing a hill, he saw the river only a short distance off, so that he was near the end of his journey. Suddenly he was seized by some men who had followed him, dragged away, and shut up in a little hut with a courtyard surrounding it. His men were made prisoners also. It was by Mwanga's orders that this was done, for the chiefs in Usoga obeyed him as their master.

News came to Mackay and his companions of what had happened. They started off at once for the king's palace, but he refused to see them. They tried again and again, but they were not allowed to go in and speak to him. The king pretended it was all right, and the Bishop was to be sent back unhurt, while he was really sending orders to have him killed. Eight days long Hannington was kept shut up in the courtyard, sometimes in his tent, sometimes in the little hut, guarded by soldiers. He was very ill with fever, but still looked forward to being released and allowed to go on to Uganda, when one morning he was led outside the courtyard. He saw his men tied together ready to be killed, and knew that his last moment on earth was come too.

"Tell the king," he said, "that I have bought the road to Uganda with my life!"

Then he knelt down, and in another moment the murderers' spears flashed, and the brave and loving spirit of the martyr had gone to be with Christ.

Four men who escaped told the sad news to Mr. Jones, and sorrowfully he and his party turned back to the coast. They made a flag of blue cotton cloth (blue being their colour for mourning) with the word "Ichabod" (1 Sam. iv. 21) in white letters on it, and it was carried before them till they reached their home at Rabai. When their friends came out to meet them, the first thing they saw was this flag. The missionaries in Uganda were told first one thing, then another. But at last they knew without a doubt that the friend whose coming they had so looked forward to had been indeed cruelly murdered!

There was sorrow in Uganda, there was sorrow at the coast, and there was sorrow in England! But that precious life was not laid down in vain. People who had never before cared for or even thought about missionary work were roused up to think about it and care about it. And by-and-by Hannington's last words were proved true. That road over which he had travelled is the direct road to Uganda to-day. And Englishmen and Englishwomen too have gone over it in safety.

And though Hannington had no friend to speak to in those last days of suffering, he was not left alone. God Himself spoke to him and comforted him. Day, by day, as he was able, he wrote in his journal (which was afterwards recovered and sent home) the things that happened—his hopes, his fears, his suffering, and his comfort. Would you like to know what words God gave to comfort him? First, the words of Psalm xxvii., which begins:

"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?"

Afterwards, Psalm xxviii: "Unto Thee will I cry, O Lord, my Rock."

And on the very last morning he wrote thus: "Thursday—(eighth day's prison). I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power."

In this Psalm David speaks of the Lord turning his "mourning into dancing"—that is, into rejoicing. And though, soon after he had read those words, Hannington went to his death, that very day his sorrows and sufferings were all turned into joy in the presence of the Lord for ever.

WOMEN HOEING.

CHAPTER XIV

HEROES OF UGANDA (PART II)

IN the last chapter I told you of many sorrowful things—the death of the good doctor on the shores of the Lake, the murder of Shergold Smith and O'Neill on the island of Ukerewe, the fiery martyrdom of the three boys, and lastly, the murder of the noble Hannington. Sorrowful things indeed! And yet joyful; for those dear servants of Christ went to be with Him. They had the honour of following in their Master's footsteps, and to such as they were He gives a "crown of glory that fadeth not away." I have more such sorrowful and yet joyful things to tell of. There were to be many more martyrs in Uganda!

Mwanga seemed rather uneasy after he had had Hannington put to death; but his uneasiness only made him more cruel. His chief page—a boy who had learned some time with Mackay, but afterwards went to the Roman Catholics—told him he had done wrong in killing the Bishop. The king was in a fury, and ordered him to be tied up and burned to death. He afterwards changed his mind, but it was too late. The *Katikiro*, or chief minister, had already had the order carried out, and one more martyr had suffered for Christ's sake. Then followed a frightful persecution. Orders were given to seize all the Christians, and the mission house was closely watched, so that none might take refuge there. Some of the converts fled, others hid themselves; but some gave themselves quietly up to the king's officers. One of these, named Munyaga, was the man who got back Hannington's Bible. When the officers came to take him he was at prayer with some boys. The boys got away, but Munyaga, though he had a gun at hand, the sight of

which frightened the men, made no attempt to defend himself, but only asked leave to put on his white robe, and then allowed himself to be taken.

The missionaries could get little news of what was going on, and at last Mackay could bear it no longer. He went boldly to the king, and reminded Mwanga that he had not yet paid him for some work he had done.

"What payment do you want?" said Mwanga.

"I want the lives of the people whom you have seized."

"You shall have them," said Mwanga. But he did not mean what he said! Some of them had already been killed, and a few days later thirty-two persons were brought out and burned to death in one great fire. Among them was Munyaga; another was Kidza, of whom I told you in the last chapter. Quietly and bravely they suffered. The executioner could not understand it. He came and told the king he had never killed such men before—they had prayed to God in the fire!

No one could tell how many altogether perished. Roman Catholics were killed as well as Protestants. But some Christians who were useful to the king were spared, and Mwanga's mother, though a heathen, told him she would not have *her* boys (servants) put to death. Now and then at night, when all was dark and silent, the missionaries would hear a gentle tap at the door, and find one of the Christians had ventured out of his hiding-place to visit them. Now and then, too, people came at night to be baptized. They had seen what a real and great Saviour the Lord Jesus is, and how He takes away the fear of death, and they chose His service even in the midst of danger.

One night a young Christian, called Samwili, knocked at the missionaries' door. He wanted their advice. He had been away in the country collecting the king's tribute, and coming back he heard that he was sentenced to death! Must he go on and take the tribute to the king's storehouse, where he might be seized and hurried off to the executioner, or should he escape as fast as he

SELLING BOOKS IN UGANDA.

could? They would not answer this question, but they knelt down and prayed together. Then Samwili said,—

"I will take the tribute to the king's storehouse."

The tribute was in thousands of cowrie shells, and it took several men to carry it. Samwili went off as early in the morning as he could get the men to start, put the tribute in its right place, and walked away quietly, no one seeming to notice him. When he had got a little distance he ran as hard as he could, and a few nights later the missionaries were delighted to see him again, safe after having done his duty.

Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe both thought that the best way to show the king how shocked they were at his cruelties was to go away and leave him for a time (Mr. O'Flaherty had left the year before). They told him they were going. The king said Mr. Ashe might leave, but not Mackay—no; he could not consent to that! So Mr. Ashe went home to tell the story of how bravely and faithfully the martyrs of Uganda had witnessed for Christ, and Mackay remained alone.

Among all the many different kinds of work Mackay had to do during the years he was in Uganda, there was one thing he made his great aim all through. This was to teach the people the Word of God, and to give it them in their own tongue. The young men who came to visit him all read the Bible with him, book after book. They read it in the Swahili language (the language of the coast, of the traders), which most of them understood. But little by little Mackay was beginning to translate parts of it into the Luganda, or language of Uganda, and to print it. It was in the dark days that followed the murder of Bishop Hannington that the first printed sheet of St. Matthew's Gospel was given to the people. And in the spring of the year 1887, the year after the massacres, he had finished translating the whole of the Gospel. That year he left Uganda. The Arabs had long been trying to get him out of the country, and at last they succeeded. King Mwanga said he should go, and some other missionary might come and take his place. He did not, how-

ever, go far away. He stayed at the south end of the Lake, still watching over the mission.

It was a sorrowful day to the Christians when they said good-bye to him. He had been nine years in the country, and they looked up to him as their friend and their father. There were several of them who had learned a good deal of the Bible, and who were stead-fast followers of Christ, and they were able to help and to teach the others. Still, they missed Mackay greatly; and they wrote a letter to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society to ask for their prayers. You shall read part of the letter:—

"We are willing indeed to die for the Word of Jesus; but do you pray for us that the Lord may help us. . . . Let your ears, and eyes, and hearts be open to this place. Now we are in tribulation at being left alone. Mr. Mackay the Arabs have driven away. O friends, pity us in our calamity. We, your brethren, send you greetings. We are your children who love you."

They were not long left alone. Mr. Gordon, who had been working four years at the south of the Lake, went back to Uganda in the boat that brought Mackay, and the next year Mr. Walker, who had lately arrived, joined him in Uganda. Bishop Parker had been sent out in the place of Bishop Hannington, and he sent a letter of sympathy and counsel to the Christians there, which they copied and re-copied for one another, and read over and over again. But Bishop Parker never reached Uganda. He and another missionary, Mr. Blackburn, died of fever at Usambiro, on the south shore of the Lake.

Meanwhile King Mwanga did not improve. He had given Mr. Walker a grand reception, but he did not treat the Christians much better, and he was cruel to his people generally. And the day at length came when a great revolution took place in the country, and he was driven from the throne.

There were numbers of men, young, and strong, and bright, who had learned to read the Gospel, and given up their heathen ways, and who went by the name of "readers." There were a

number of Mohammedans, too, who had been taught by the Arabs, and who read the Mohammedan book, the Koran. These "readers," Christians and Mohammedans, found that the king was plotting to kill them! They joined together and rebelled against Mwanga, and he fled in terror out of the country. One of his brothers was made king, and it was proclaimed that every man was free to follow what religion he pleased. But this did not last. The Arabs and other Mohammedans were jealous of the Christians, and declared they were getting up a plot against the new king. The Christians were attacked and driven out of the country, and the two missionaries, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Walker, together with the French priests, were seized and imprisoned, and their houses plundered. Then the white men, with some boys and others who lived with the priests, were taken down to the Lake, put on board the *Eleanor*, and let go with these words,—

"Let no white man come to Buganda (the native name for the country) for the space of two years. We do not want to see Mackay's boat in these waters for a long time. We do not want to see a white teacher back in Buganda till we have converted the whole of Buganda to the Mohammedan faith."

They never saw Mackay's boat again, nor Mackay himself! But the Christian teachers soon came back.

The *Eleanor* was struck by a hippopotamus, and badly injured; but most of the party got safely to an island, and there Mr. Walker managed to repair the boat, so that at length they reached the south of the Lake in safety.

The Christians of Uganda had fled away to a country called Ankoli, where they were kindly received. There the great traveller Stanley, who was passing through the country, met them, and was quite astonished to find some thousands who said they all belonged to "Mackay's Mission." Of course only a few of these had been baptized, but they were all "readers." Mr. Stanley noticed that some of them had little books in a sort of "pocket" in their robes, and found that these books were copies of St. Matthew's Gospel.

A few of the converts, however, had gone to Usambiro to join Mackay, and among them was Sembera, of whom I told you in the last chapter. These men helped Mackay in the work he was now doing—translating the Gospel of John into Luganda.

In Uganda there were still disturbances. The king who had been put in Mwanga's place was killed, and another king appointed. In this struggle some of the men who had been the most bitter persecutors of the Christians perished! And now the "readers," Protestants and Romanists, began to think of returning to their country, and restoring King Mwanga. After defeating the Mohammedans in a great battle, they entered Uganda in triumph, just a year after they had left it! This was in the year 1889.

Now everything was changed. The Christians, Protestants and Romanists, became the great chiefs of the country, and Mwanga asked for Christian teachers for his people. Before he entered his new capital, Mengo, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Walker had arrived, and some French priests, and the work of teaching went on as far as was possible in time of war. The Arabs, though they had been defeated, gave the king a good deal of trouble. His country was not as strong as it had formerly been, and though he had once been so afraid that foreigners might come to "eat it up," he now began to wish for foreign help. The Protestant chiefs all wished to have the English for their friends, and to be under the protection of England. The Romanists did not want this, and were more inclined to get help from the Germans, who had come as far as the south of the Lake. But at length the matter was arranged between England and Germany: England was to "protect" the northern shores of the Lake, including Uganda, and Germany the southern. This was settled in 1890, and now Uganda is under English protection, and there are English officers there and an English "fort," and the cruel things which used to be done years ago have been stopped.

But before this happened Mackay had been called to his rest above! He had spent nearly fourteen years in Africa without ever

coming home. While living at Usambiro, at the south of the Lake, he was still working for Uganda, and not only at translation, and printing, and teaching. He built a boat, and he had begun to build a steamer. He had poor tools to work with and poor workmen to help him, but he went on all the same. Then after a hard day's work he would spend his evenings in teaching the boys who were with him, and reading the Bible with him. Very eagerly he watched all that was going on in Uganda, and very earnestly he begged that more missionaries might be sent out to teach the people, who were ready and willing to learn. A friend wrote and asked if he would not come home and fetch some more men. "Come home!" he answered, "No!" He would not leave his post while there were so few workers. And one day when he was toiling hard in his workshop he was taken ill with fever. His only English companion, Mr. Deekes, was ill too, and could do little for him. His work was done, and the Lord Jesus wanted His servant home. Right away from the work by the Lake shore, the happy spirit of Alexander Mackay went to be with the Master whom he had so truly served.

They made him a coffin out of the wood he had cut to build his boat. And there, not far from the Lake, close to the spot where Bishop Parker and Mr. Blackburn were buried, they laid the weary body to rest until the day when Christ shall call His people out of their graves. Later on a headstone was put up and these words inscribed upon it:—

"*A Doer of the Word.*"

You will find the words in James i. 25.

Meanwhile the seed which Mackay and the other missionaries had patiently sown during so many years of labour and trial, was coming up plenteously in Uganda. The fields there—the fields of *hearts* and *minds*—were, as the Lord Jesus once said (John iv. 35), "white unto harvest." And the "reapers,"—the helpers Mackay had so longed to welcome,—were coming!

A new Bishop had been appointed—Bishop Tucker. And be-

fore many months had passed he had reached Usambiro with a party of missionaries. But two had died at the coast! And two

WOMEN OF UGANDA—CANDIDATES FOR BAPTISM.

more were laid in the little "cemetery," round which a hedge was afterwards planted, at Usambiro—five graves altogether. It was a very weak and sickly band who embarked in the boat to cross

the Lake to Uganda. But the fresh breezes soon strengthened them, and on December 27th, 1890, the new Bishop and his helpers entered Mengo, King Mwanga's capital. The sorrows of the past were turned into joy, and hearty thanks and praise went up to God for the wonderful things He had done in and for Uganda. On Sunday a thousand people assembled in the great church which the Christians had built at Mengo—built of tall trunks of trees, thatched with grass—and among the worshippers was the Katikiro, the king's Prime Minister, who only a few years before had been nearly killed for reading the Bible.

Since then the work in Uganda has been making steady progress, though there have been some troubles. In a quarrel which arose between the friends of the English and those who disliked the rule of England, Sembera Mackay, who had been doing all he could to reconcile the two parties, was shot down. "God is taking my spirit," he said to the young men who gathered round him when he fell. "Take care of my wife and children." Another of the early converts, called Nikodemo, an old man, was called, as chief, to go out to battle against some enemies who had attacked the country. He died shortly after he returned home, to the great grief of the missionaries and the people. Outside the house where the body lay, ready for burial, they sang a hymn which I suppose you have all sung:—

"Here we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more!
Oh! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

But many of the early converts are still living. Henry Wright Duta, who had come back to Uganda after his baptism at Zanzibar, and had often been in great danger during the time of persecution, is now a clergyman. He was made a chief when Mwanga returned to his kingdom, but he gave up this post because he preferred to spend his life in teaching the Word of God. Samwili

was for some time a chief, and then he too wished to be a clergyman instead. His wife, Rebeka, and Duta's wife, Sarah, are both among the female teachers who are able to take classes and help the other women.

Mwanga, I am sorry to say, is not a Christian. He wished his little son to be brought up as a Protestant, so the child has been baptized, the mother being a Christian and baptized also.

Shall I tell you what you might see if you were in Uganda now? Let us go first to Mengo, the capital. On one hill you would see the king's palace; on another the English fort, and on a third you would see the great Protestant Church or Cathedral. The first, which held three thousand people, was burned down, and another was built still larger. You would see neat and tidy streets between the houses and gardens, but you would not see into the gardens, for they have reed fences round them. You might see black policemen, and a black postman carrying round the letters, not in a bag, but in a tin, on his head. If you went into church you might see it full of people all sitting in different classes, studying the Bible. And who is teaching them? Mostly black men like themselves. When the time comes for service you might see a white man in the reading desk, while a black man might go into the pulpit and preach the sermon. And the church would be thronged with people sitting on the floor, as close as possible, and there would be others listening outside. Round about Mengo there are smaller churches, where services are held. Then if you walked through the street, between the fields and gardens, you might see a man start up from his work and run to ask a missionary who was passing to explain something in the Bible to him. The people think a great deal of the Word of God. The Gospels and Testaments which are sent out are bought up directly, and a man will save up his money for some time to buy one. Now at last the whole Bible has been translated into Luganda, so they will have the whole of the Word.

But we have not done with Mengo yet. I am sure you would

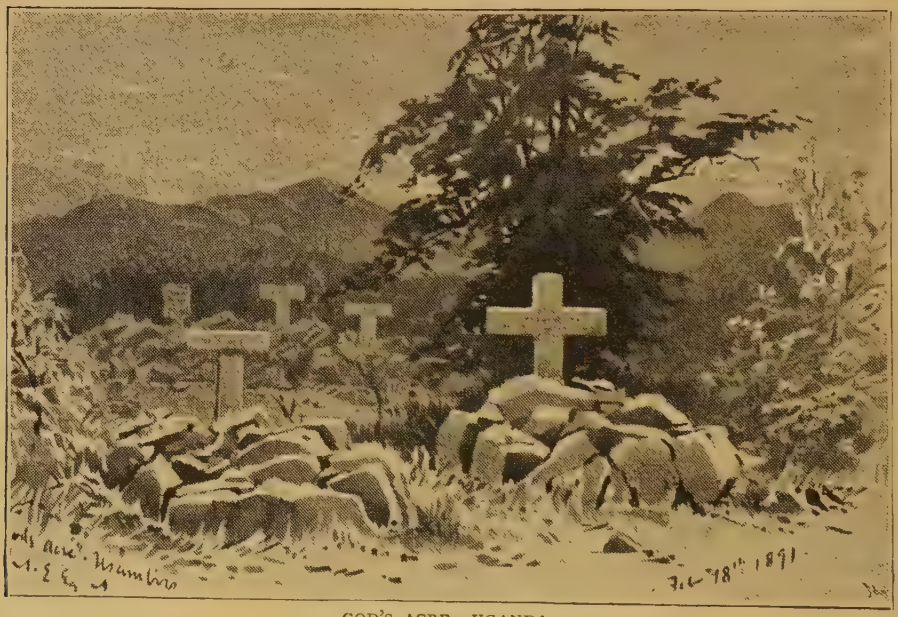
like to go to the Missionary Meeting, held once a month, on Fridays. You would hear one black teacher after another tell what he had been doing in the country, miles away, where there are no white teachers, and where little is known of the Gospel. And some would tell of the work in countries beyond Uganda — in Busoga (or Usoga), where Bishop Hannington laid down his life; in Toro, far away to the west, where the king is an earnest follower of Christ, and his wife is named after our Queen, Vikilolya, or Victoria, and at Nassa, on the south-eastern shore of the Lake. You might hear three or four black men commended in prayer to God by their countrymen before going out as missionaries and teachers to these and other countries—foreign countries to them as Uganda is to you! And you would see a curious "collection" at the end of the meeting — cotton-cloth, fowls, bananas, cowrie-shells, etc., given that the Gospel may be preached to those who do not yet know it.

Then you might go out a little way from Mengo, and stay with some Christian chief, and join his family worship at night. And you might come across some Christian man or woman, contented and happy, but without hands, or without eyes! And they would tell you they lost them from the cruelty of some chief, or of the king, during the past years of heathenism and barbarity, and you would thank God that these times were over! Another thing of which you would be glad is that the people are *free*. In former days the chiefs had numbers of slaves, but when they saw that this was contrary to the Bible, they set their slaves free; and now it is against the law for any one to be bought or sold, though now and then it is done in secret. But if you went far enough you would see miles and miles of country, with thousands of people who have hardly yet heard the Word of God. And you would hear the black teachers say: "Oh that more white men would come out and help us, and teach us how to teach others!"

And there is another thing I must tell you. In Mengo, and perhaps in some other places, you would see Englishwomen—

ladies who have gone out as missionaries, and have got safely over the long and difficult journey from the coast, and are now teaching their black sisters, caring for the sick, and trying to show what a Christian woman's life ought to be.

And perhaps if you went from Mengo to "Port Alice," you might see the little steamer, the *Ruwenzori*, come in. This steamer was bought with money given by several people who cared for Uganda and for the countries round the Lake, and is called after a great mountain some distance to the west of Uganda. The last ladies who went to Uganda crossed the Lake in the *Ruwenzori*. What would Shergold Smith have said to see such a thing? What would Hannington have said? What would the martyrs have said? What would Mackay, and all the others who laid down their lives for the work of Christ in these countries, have said? While they praise and bless God above, don't you think they rejoice in all that He has done for Uganda?



GOD'S ACRE—UGANDA.

A CLOSING WORD

MY talk about the heroes is finished. Dear boys and girls, I am quite sorry to say good-bye to you, and I hope, when you have finished the little book, you will not forget Africa and its heroes.

Before we part I want to say one more word to you. Do you know that most—in fact, nearly all of the heroes of whom I have told you, have lived and worked during the reign of our beloved Queen? It is since Queen Victoria came to the throne that Krapf and Rebmann began to work in East Africa; that Samuel Crowther preached in the Yoruba country and on the Niger; that Livingstone made his journeys in the unknown interior; that Zanzibar heard the Word of God, and that the messengers of the Gospel reached the Shiré Highlands and the shores of Lake Nyassa; that the good news was carried to the wild tribes on the river Congo, to the shores of Lake Tanganyika, across Central Africa from Benguela in the West, as far as Lake Moero; and to the people of Uganda, who in their turn are helping to send it to others around and beyond the Victoria Nyanza. The power of the slave-dealers has been broken, and thousands of slaves set free, and the Word of God translated into numbers of African languages—all within the last sixty years!

I daresay you have had a share in the Jubilee festival this year, and no doubt you have been told how greatly England has prospered and advanced during the reign of our Queen. It would have been a sad thing if that were all! When God blesses a nation He means that nation to be a blessing to other people. And England *has* been a blessing to some nations far away.

But we have only done a very little of what we ought to do! In Africa there are still millions who have never heard the Gospel. Children grow up, and suffer, and die, without knowing the name of JESUS. In many places terrible cruelties are still going on. And Africa is only part of the great world. In China, in India, and in other parts of the earth, there are millions of people who know nothing of God, and who are giving to idols the honour that belongs to Him. We are glad and proud to know that the flag of our Queen waves over many lands, all round the world, and joins many countries in one peaceful empire. But if we love the Lord Jesus, who gave His life for us, we shall want to see *His* banner set up in lands where the great enemy still holds so many in bondage. That is what you boys and girls are working for. That is what you collect money for. Your "missionary ship" helps to set up that banner. And so you are helping the soldiers who fight for the Great King. Let me ask you one question: *Are you fighting for Him at home, and does His banner float over your daily life?* That is what He looks for *first of all*. And no man or woman, boy or girl, can be a true hero who is not faithful to the Great King. I am going to give you one sentence from the King's Book to close with; it tells you how heroes are made:—

"The people that do know their God shall be strong, and shall do exploits" (or great deeds),—Dan. xi. 32.

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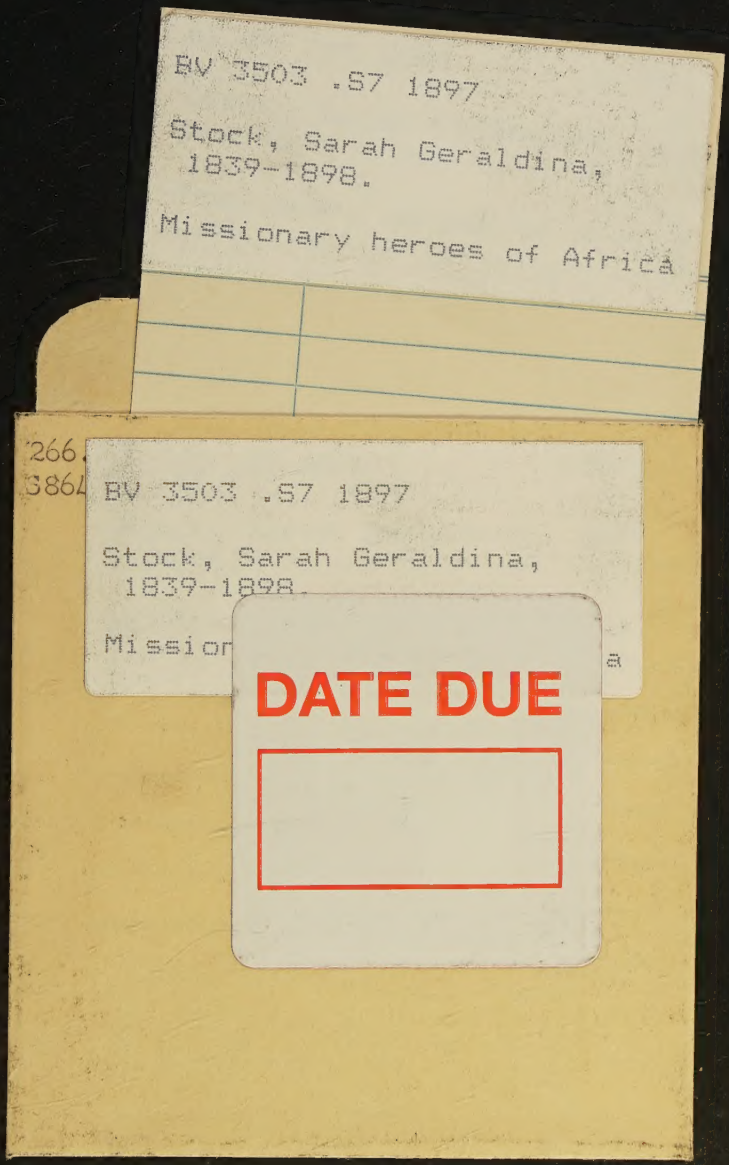
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